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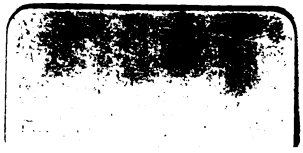

THE TRIFLERS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

THE ROUT,

OR

A SKETCH OF MODERN MANNERS;

AND

THE FARMER'S SON,

A MORAL TALE.

BY THE REV. R. GRAVES,

Author of the Spiritual Quixote, &c. &c. &c.

" *To Trifle is to live,*
" *But is it then a Trifle too---to die ?*"
Young's Night Thoughts.

LONDON

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TO

The Right Honourable

LADY JANE JAMES,

WHO

With every valuable Accomplishment,

Hath a superior claim to every

Christian Virtue.

And particularly, its characteristic Grace,

Humility, and Condescension.

As a Tribute of Gratitude for repeated Favours

From her Ladyship and Earl CAMDEN,

This Miscellaneous Volume is

Humbly inscribed,

By her Ladyship's much obliged,

And obedient humble Servant,

RICHARD GRAVES.

THE PREFACE.

A puritanical writer, about the end of the 17th Century, having published a small religious Treatise, says, "my Book may be called Zoar; for is it not a little one?"‡

If I may apply this expression to my Trifling performance, as I certainly may, I should hope it would escape the fire at least, as Lot did by flying to the city of Zoar; but it may probably come to a more ignominious end; and after passing the FIERY trials of the Reviewers, be condemned—not to oblivion I fear, but to more base purposes of every kind.

If indeed its DIMINUTIVE size were its only fault, I would appeal from the Verdict even of the Edinburgh Reviewers, to the opinion of M. Voltair: "I have said it, and will maintain it, (says the little Champion of Infidelity, with an air, as if he would fight any one who con-

‡ See Genesis, ch. 19.

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THE

THE TRIFLERS.

M. *Do you bite your thumb at me, Sir?*
C. *I bite my thumb.*
SHAKS. ROM. & JUL.

WE may assume it as an anxiom I suppose, which wants no proof, "That whatever course of life, or whatever manner of employing our time, does not conduce to the durable felicity of the individual, or to the emolument of the community, of which we are members, is *trifling.*"

THIS description then affects, in some degree, every rank and station of life; from the monarch on the throne, surrounded by his courtiers, to the group of gypsies round their fire, under a spreading oak in the forest.

IN every profession and in every art, liberal or illiberal, Triflers are to be found. In law, physic and divinity; as also in the mechanical arts of every description: from the celebrated Messrs. Bolton and Watts, the first artists of their kind in Europe, to the button-maker in his loft

at Birmingham, or to the needle-maker in Whitechapel. Not that every action which we perform, need have an immediate and direct reference to this object. I concur with Dr. Johnson and his friend Dr. Shaw, in reprobating your *cui-bono*-men; who are perpetually exclaiming, "How can you *amuse* yourself with such trifles; what *end* does it answer?" Why, Sir, if it does *amuse* me, when fatigued with more serious studies, or with the business of my profession, it "answers an *important end.*" I will not affront you with Æsop's now trite method of silencing an impertinent fellow, by shewing him an unstrung bow; to prove the necessity of some relaxation, to people engaged in a rigid attention to business or studies.

NAY; Dr. Johnson's highest luxury, "an * *evening at a tavern,*" though so *trifling* and often licentious, when young people meet on those occasions; is not only consistent with the dignity of a philosopher; but like the symposiums, or convivial entertainments of the antient Grecian sages ‡, may be as useful as any other method of relaxation,

* "O, noctes cænæque deûm!" HOR.

‡ Xenophon begins his symposium in words to this effect—"I have always thought, that not only the serious "actions and discourses of men respectable for virtue "and knowledge, but what passed at their convivial entertainments,

relaxation, adopted by sober and virtuous men. The reciprocal communication of sentiments and opinions, which usually then take place, enables us to form a proper judgment on what we read, and opens a source of reflections, which would otherwise lie dormant, and never be developed perhaps, even to ourselves. These are also, I believe, the happiest hours, which many men, either of business or professions enjoy: when freed from domestic concerns, and the restraints of ceremony which unavoidably prevail even amongst the most familiar acquaintance, in their mutual visits at their own houses; they converse with the greatest freedom; and every one does, without any apology, whatever his inclination suggests.

NAY, in a moral view, this familiar intercourse contributes to cultivate the social affections, and benevolent propensities, and tends to promote virtue and right conduct amongst our friends and acquaintance.

BUT exclusively of other considerations, these meetings on the terms of liberty and equality, exemplify Seneca's observation to the fullest extent; "amicorum conspectus ipse delectat;"

"tertainments, and in their hours of leisure, were worth "recording; at least, those at which I have been pre- "sent, I will take the liberty to relate."

tat;" the very countenance of a friend, gives us great pleasure.*

A rigid observer of what passes in the world, might perhaps consider the fortnight's feasting and hospitality connected with the D. of B..f..d's sheep sheering, as a solemn *trifling*: but it is a gleam of sun-shine in the landscape, and tends to promote his Grace's patriotic plan; and probably contributes greatly to promote and diffuse the love of agricultural improvement, (as much as any thing) amongst the nobility and gentry in every part of the kingdom.

As for the three learned professions, law, physic and divinity; the lawyer trifles with his client, when he assures him that his cause is good, and that if justice is done, he must necessarily gain his point. Accordingly the poor man brings his claim before a court of judicature—

* Mr. Boswell indeed, in his zeal for his friend, and by too minute a detail of their familiar intercourse, has afforded an occasion to some wicked wit, for the following parody. "We spent the evening at the Bedford-"head; we talked of books—I observed, that Tommy "Trip was a great work. Yes, Sir. says the Dr. it is "a great work; but then it is only relatively so; it "was *a great* work when you were a child; but now "you are arrived at manhood, it loses a great part of its "importance in your estimation, &c."

ture—the sessions—the county assizes—court of King's Bench—court of Chancery—but alas! none of them see the matter in the same equitable light, in which his first adviser saw it: and though the matter in dispute was probably not worth 1500l. the fee simple, the client spends three thousand, and loses his cause at last.

Thus a country gentleman, whom I remember threescore years ago, leaning over the rail at Fleet-ditch, before it was transformed into a market, a sharper snatched his sword from his side, and made off with it. A colleague of the thief cries out, Sir, says he, that rascal has stolen your sword; lend me your cane, and I will break his head and bring it back to you: so both sword and cane, like plaintiff and defendant, were left to console each other.

Butler has given an humourous description* of this sort of lawyer in his Hudibras. After representing him in his desk, with books and money lying in heaps, as nest eggs; the knight states his case.

"Quoth he, there is one Sidrophel,
"Whom I have cudgel'd—very well.
And

* Only equalled by Arbuthnot's Pleadings of Dr. Pennyfeather; and never excelled but by "the Pleader's, "Guide" of Anstey, jun.

" And now he brags, t' have beaten me;
" Better and *better still*, quoth he.
" And vows, to stick me to a wall,
" Where e'er he meets me.—Best of all."
" Sir; quoth the lawyer, not to flatter ye,
" You have as good and fair a battery
" As heart can wish, and need not shame
" The proudest man alive to claim," &c.

The law has usually been compared to a bottomless pit. But, as I have just now escaped from its *fangs*, though not without a confounded squeeze; I would rather compare the law to a den of *lions*: into which whoever is *once cast*, nothing but a miracle can rescue him from the jaws of destruction.

The Medical gentlemen likewise may be thought to come within this description of Triflers; when they supply their patients with expensive pleasant juleps, and which they know to be ineffectual to any medicinal purpose; yet when a wealthy invalid, who has brought himself into a low spirited and hypochondriacal state by high living, will not be satisfied without some advice; and relies upon the all-sufficiency of a quack medicine; a physician cannot be blamed for lulling him to rest, as a nurse does her child by a rattle or sweet-meats. Nay, as he by this means probably procures his patient

tient a permanent *repose*, he does not incur the censure of Trifling with his patient. An hippish gentleman of this cast, whose window looked out upon a cobler in his stall, on the other side the street, fancied on the artist having quitted his station, that he himself had swallowed him, and would not be persuaded, but that he felt his awls pricking him in his bowels; 'till an ingenious apothecary prevailed on the invalid to take an *emetic;* and placing the cobler behind the screen, the first time the emetic began to operate, down pitched the cobler on the floor, and the gentleman was immediately cured of his complaint.

The Divine I cannot so easily exculpate; who instead of plain, intelligible, practical discourses, entertains, (or rather bores) his congregation, with metaphysical controversies, and with endeavours to explain, what was not intended to be explained to us in this life: or perhaps with reconciling "Josephus with the Pen-"tateuch," as a curate some years since did in a chapel at Bath, for half a year together; though his audience generally consisted of ladies, or ladies' maids; as chapels and churches were *then* the only public places which *gentlemen* never attended. The times are happily changed, and it is *now* the *fashion* to go to church.

The old-school divines will occur to many readers,

readers, as most trifling, who though men of genius and learning have been objects of ridicule to the literati for many centuries. They spent their time in discussing such obstruse questions as these:

"Whether one or many be first? and whe-
"ther *one* does not suppose the idea of many?"

"Whether God loves a possible angel, bet-
"ter than an actually existing fly." Negatur.

"Whether angels pass from one extreme
"to another, without going through the mid-
"dle?" *T. Aquinas.*

Such questions have certainly very small reference to the good either of the publick or the individual.‡

To give a more modern reader some notion of these disputes, suppose the question to be, Whether a woman is of the human species? — Negatur.

The logical description of man is, "ani-
"mal bipes, implume." A two-legged unfeathered animal; to distinguish him from a *bird*; which

‡ "Ambigitur quid enim?
"Brundisium minuci melius Via ducat, an Appi?"
HOR.

Whether by Chippenham or Devizes is the better road to London.

I'm going to London, and I wish to know,
Should I by Chippenham or Devizes go.

which is also a two-legged, but *feathered* animal. Now, a woman being a two-legged, feathered animal, *ergo*, a woman is not a man, but a bird.

But the pandemonium of Triflers, is, I fear to be found in the West end of the metropolis; which John Bunyan would call "Vanity "Fair," where those busy insects of both sexes, flutter about from St. James's Street to Portman Square, who spend their whole time in some kind of dissipation; their nights in routs or gambling-houses; their mornings in coffee-houses, or lounging in the fashionable streets; the ladies, in morning visits to those whom they never see; or in rummaging shops for goods which they never buy. In short, they are to be found, any where except in their proper sphere, their own parlours or their dressing-room.

As for the mechanical operations, though I would not discourage any ingenious artist from exerting his faculties, in improving any useful invention, yet I cannot but think, that they carry it too far, and become Triflers; when they attempt to produce automata, or self-moving engines; chariots that will travel without horses; or ploughs that will do their work without ploughmen; (as the patrons of perfectibility flatter themselves, will in time be invented.) These however, and the fabricators of chains to fetter mice and fleas, or the makers of

of gloves to go into a cherry stone, are very humble and harmless Triflers, when compared to the bold adventurers, who wantonly ascend "beyond this visible diurnal sphere," into the region of thunder and lightning, storm and tempeſt; cui bono? for what good purpose? For their own momentary gratification; at the hazard of their lives. and to amuse the vulgar; by calling them off from their useful employments. I therefore pronounce these aeronauts presumptuous, impious Triflers.*

In the same predicament, I would place the ingenious inventers of fire-works, or rather those who employ and encourage these artists: who cannot pretend to procure any permanent felicity to the individual; nor any emolument to the community; by consuming in a moment such quantities of useful materials, to please children of five or of fifty years old.

My house-keeper makes excellent pudding and pie-cruſt, which afford me subſtantial and durable comfort. I will not therefore call her a Trifler; though ſhe now and then, to ſhew the

* What says the Roman poet?

"Expertus vacuum Dædalus aëra
"Pennis non homini datis."——
Cælum ipsum petimus Stultitiâ. HOR.

Dædalus in air ascended
With wings, for mortals ne'er intended.

the extent of her abilities, makes me, what ſhe modestly calls a Trifle; which indeed tickles my palate; but its frothy subſtance affords but a very transient gratification; like those complimentary professions, which may please the ear, but leave no impression on our memory.

Some politicians of the Spartan-school, consider confectioners, as useless members of society. Bakers and butchers are comparatively more unnecessary and useless; a poor man can bake his own bread, or kill his own calf, when he can get it: But how can a lady of fashion set out a desert fit for a polite party without this Demiergos the confectioner? who from an indigeſted chaos of gross materials, the sweat of plants, or a rude mass of rags reduced to a paste or paper, can change winter into summer; raise flowers of every species, or under the heat of the dog star, produce ice and snow, cold as that on the Scythian mountains; can make fountains flow, or lillies blow, from a lump of white sugar candy.

A scene rather Trifling, was exhibited twenty years ago near Bath, which may be worth recording. The liberal minded Sir John Miller and his lady, amused the company from Bath, with regular morning assemblies, at stated times, at their beautiful villa at Bath Easton.

Lady Miller, once in a for'tnight, gave out a sub-

a subject for poetical composition; on which, when the company were assembled, those whom the Muses, or perhaps vanity, or the love of fame had influenced, produced their performances, and put them into an elegant antique marble vase brought from Rome, and placed on a pedestal in the bow window: when the company were seated, some young nymph put in her delicate arm, and took out a single poem, which the author, or some one who either had, or fancied he had an agreeable elocution, read to the assembly. When in this manner, the whole collection was gone through, the gentlemen retired into a contiguous apartment; where amidst a profusion of jellies, sweetmeats, ice-creams and the like, they decided on the merits of the several performances; from which they selected three, which were deemed the best; and of course entitled to prizes; which her ladyship distributed to the respective authors; a pompous bouquet of flowers to the firſt, a myrtle wreath to the second, and a sprig of myrtle to the third. These were then usually presented, by the successful candidate, to some lady who wore them in her hair or her bosom, the next evening, to the publick rooms.

I ought not perhaps to have spoken of this as a trifling exhibition, since it called forth some of the best poets of the age: Mr. Anſtey, lord Palmerſton,

Palmerſton, Miss Bowdler, Miss Seward, &c. &c. &c. But I think it was comparatively so, in proportion to the extraordinary attention, which was paid to it: as I counted one morning above fifty carriages drawn up in a line from Bath Easton, towards Lambridge; and was at one time present at it, with four duchesses; the duchess of Cumberland, Northumberland, Ancaster and Beaufort.

Among the serious Triflers, some I imagine might be found, in the military profession. But the horrors of war, are so contrary to the feelings of humanity, that the very idea gives a check to mirth or ridicule on the occasion, otherwise one might observe, that from the heroes of the Trojan war, who spent ten years in besieging Troy, and exterminating the inhabitants of a city no bigger than our county town of Glouceſter; together with your Alexander's, your Cæsars, Tamerlane, and Charles the XII. of Sweden; all were mere Triflers in the art of slaughter and devastation*, when compared to the heroes of the French Revolution.

Among the distinguished Triflers within my memory, was the famous Dr. Swift, who after having been in the confidence, (as he flattered himself,) of every prime miniſter, from

* Quorum "animus meminisse horret, luctuque re-"fugit." VIRG.

the time of the accession of Queen Anne, to the reign of George the Second; being banished, as he calls it, into Ireland, took for his motto, in the laſt ſtage of his life, "Vive la Bagatelle;" "May the art of Trifling flourish and abound!" To which it must be confessed, he contributed his full quota.

But the most serious Triflers are those, who regardless of their future expectations, neglect their duty to God, their neighbour and themselves, squander their whole time in sloth and idleness; and omit the duties of their respective ſtations. For every rank and ſtation (however exalted and apparently exempted from business or labour) has its duties, as well as its privileges annexed to it: in performing which, they would find much more real gratification, than in the liſtless and perhaps, vicious manner in which they loiter away the tedious hours of their exiſtence.‡

As for the author of these trifling reflections, having toiled through a long life, and done his duty to the beſt of his power, and being now past the military age and unfit for actual service, he trusts that he has as good a right to amuse himself with scribbling; or (what perhaps is a better amusement) sleeping in his elbow chair, as the Chelsea pensioner has, to sit in the

‡ Quid tu? nullané habes vitia?

the sun, or smoke his pipe and tell old ſtories to those who have patience and inclination to hear him.

With harmleſs trifling all agree,
Our infancy's begun,
My trifling then may harmleſs be,
When now my work is done.

A friend of mine used to say, That every man ſhould leave some memorial behind him, of his having lived in the world, and not trifled away his time, and passed through life, "like an arrow through the air, and leave no trace behind him. He ſhould either beget a child, or plant a tree, or build an house, if he can afford it; if he can do neither of these, let him, if wanted, make a new gate poſt to his court yard, or any thing of that kind, which would probably be a more durable monument, than any literary work which he can produce.

A young gentleman of my acquaintance, fifty years ago, came to an eſtate of 2000l. a year, which his father, a learned Antiquary, being more intent upon tracing through what hands his eſtate had passed, since the Norman Conquest, than in improving it; the young gentleman finding his wife very prolific, made it a

rule, on the birth of every child, to plant a coppice, either of aſh or willows, according to the nature of the soil, which he called by the child's name, and appropriated for their pocket, or other little expences, respectively as they grew up to require it.

ESSAYS.

ESSAYS.

PART II.

ON THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Adeeo in teneris consuescere multum est. VIR.

EVERY moral writer, from the days of King Solomon to the present time, has cautioned us againſt indulging improper habits. Even those of the moſt trifling, as well as thoſe of a more important kind: and there is no one, who has lived even a few years in the world, but he muſt be convinced by his own observation, if not by his experience, of the wisdom of this caution.

Nothing very new therefore can be expected on so trite a subject. Yet every particular inſtance of the pernicious effects of such indulgence, may contribute to call our attention to so important a subject. And in books, as well as in real life, we see things in a different light at fifty, and when arrived at years of dis-

cretion, from what we did at fifteen, and amidſt the follies and diſſipation of youth.

This irreſiſtable force of habit, the ſubject of which my own indulgence has ſuggeſted, I muſt plead for continuing thus to trifle amongſt the wild flowers and weeds at the very foot of Pernaſſus, upon the verge of ninety: or loitering within the purlieus of Paternoſter-row, till the very printers, and their ſooty imps, cry out "ohe! jam satis est!" Enough! enough! good Sir; pray bring your work to Amen Corner; give us your benediction and diſmiss us.

But there are good and virtuous, as well as vicious and evil habits; the former of which we ſhould of courſe uſe our utmoſt endeavours to cultivate and confirm: the latter, to check and prevent them from gathering force, or rather to attack and crush them in their infancy. Every act which we are guilty of againſt our reaſon or our religion, weakens our powers of reſiſtance, and tends to confirm the criminal habit and propenſity, which it is both our intereſt and our duty to ſubdue.

Cuſtom and habit are often conſidered as ſynonimous terms. But Cuſtom bears the ſame relation to Habit, as the cauſe to the effect. Whatever we have been long accuſtomed to, by degrees becomes habitual. Thus it is the cuſtom in Italy, to ſleep after dinner; which produces

duces an habit of sleeping in those who indulge it. And what was at firſt indifferent or perhaps disagreeable, especially to young people, becomes not only agreeable, but so fascinating, that it is almost impossible to reſiſt it. These trifling habits, when indulged, become essential to our ease, and even to a temporary happiness: not indeed to our solid happiness, but to the ſhadow of it. And not only in a moral and more important, but in the moſt trifling actions; all acquired taſtes, and our habits of gratifying them; as smoking tobacco, taking snuff, our reliſh for Port wine, for olives and the like, are sufficient proofs of this.

We must further observe, that habit and cuſtom are frequently applied to different objects. Habits relate to our own actions, which we have it in our power to regulate as we please. But cuſtom often engages us with external objects, to which, if we suffer our imagination to attach too great importance, it may frequently diſturb our tranquility; and trifles may give us serious concern. Mr. Pope says, he never could see without regret, an old Poſt removed, which he had been accuſtomed to see, and to pass by from his childhood: the proprietor however, considered his own convenience, without any regard to the poet's pleasure.

The philosophical bards, and indeed every man,

man, should attend to Epictetus's division of things within, and of those without our own power: if we suffer ourselves to be made uneasy by those things which are not within our own power, we must be continually subject to chagrin and disappointment.

For instance, says he

If you have set your affections on any object, not only such as a wife or a child; but even of the most trifling kind, as an earthen ware cup, for inſtance, he bids us reflect on the brittle materials of which it is composed; and then if it should be broken, we shall not be much chagrined.

Yet, I muſt confess, I am so far from possessing this ſtoical capacity, that I cannot hear of a disagreeable and perhaps troublesome neighbour, whom I have been daily accustomed to notice, though not to visit, removed from his usual residence, without regret. Nor can I, without reluctance, leave a tradesman with whom I have long dealt, though I can buy at a cheaper rate perhaps, elsewhere. Nor part with even a bad ſervant, who has lived with me some time, though probably he has been a torment to me for two or three years.

Nay, my attachment to inanimate objects, is so like that of Mr. Pope's, that I have lamented as much for the loss of a gilt-headed cane,

cane, which I had used for above forty years, as I once did, for the loss of a thousand pounds in a provincial bank. Nor can I without some melancholy sensations, pass by an old gloomy inn, where it was convenient for me to put up my horse for twenty years, now transformed from the Golden Lion Inn, to the Golden Lion Tavern; displaying an elegant front, with meretricious ornaments; and will probably aspire to the title of a diminutive York-houſe, or hotel.

With our attachment to inanimate objects may be ranked our fondness for those places where we have passed our time happily, and in the company of agreeable friends. Lord Shaftsbury indeed, with his usual inveteracy againſt prejudices of every kind, ridicules those weak people, who profess any partiality for their native country; and calls them, "Patriots of "the ſoil." But ſurely they muſt have a perverted imagination, who can view or think of those ſpots, which have been the ſcenes of probably the happieſt days of their infancy or their youth, without pleaſing emotions; and perhaps, wiſhes to return to thoſe calm retreats, after having paſſed through the joſtling crowds, and tumultuous ſcenes of publick life.

The Swiss guards in the ſervice of the French, amidſt the vine clad hills of France, were always looking forwards with eager hopes

of

of returning to their native rocks and precipices. And the poor French emigrants at this time, are daily ſtealing back into their own country, though at the riſk of ending their lives by the guillotine. Lady Mary Wortly Montague, in a pretty Sonnet, alludes to this principle as indiſputable:

" Thus hapleſs exiles as they roam,
" Meet Pity every where,
" Yet languiſh for their *native* home,
" Though death attends them there."

But as Habits when indulged, frequently subject us to inconvenience, and are the cauſe of conſiderable chagrin, ſo Cuſtom, in many cases, is of great use; and reconciles us to diſagreeable situations, in which we muſt sometimes be unavoidably placed. People that come out of the country to the metropolis, occasionally on business, are deprived of their natural reſt for a few nights, by the noise of carriages; to which Cuſtom in time ſo far inures them, that they are insensible to the firing of the guns in the Park, or at the Tower.

When I was at the University, I spent three or four evenings in the week with a gentleman whose chambers were so near the tower, in which the bell called Great Tom hung, that the

the sound ſhook the room, and made the windows jar, yet we often read or conversed till twelve o'clock, really ignorant that the bell had tolled, as it always did at nine. But inſtances of this kind are endleſs, and it is of more consequence to guard againſt habits either vicious or diſguſting, which many people I believe contract, for want of consideration, or the kind admonition of some friend; rather than from any natural propensity to vice, or from any pleasure which they at firſt can find in any habit.

Habits of drinking, swearing, gambling, chewing tobacco, and the like, I am inclined to think, are contracted by many people for want of thought, I ſay; and what greater act of friendſhip can we perform to our acquaintance, than to remonſtrate with them, on their danger; inſtead of conniving at, or merely rallying them on their pursuits; if not encouraging them by our participation of their guilt or folly.

Inſtances of this difficulty of subduing inveterate habits, muſt occur to every one; I ſhall only mention a laughable one, which I remember to have been the subject of much speculation in the neighbourhood where it happened, many years ago. A gentleman of a moderate fortune, had married a very pretty woman, but whose education had been so much neglected, that I do not suppose, ſhe had ever been taught

taught her catechiſm; or ſhe would have learned to keep her hands from picking and ſtealing: for ſhe had unfortunately got an habit, wherever ſhe went to dine or to make a viſit, of bringing away ſome trifle clandeſtinely; not only wall-fruit, as they walked in the garden, but ſhe would pocket a lemon from the ſide-board; at one time, ſhe brought away a nutmeg-grater, another time an handſome pair of nut-crackers, and the like: all which her poor ſpouſe, would contrive privately to return; or if he perceived it had been diſcovered, he would ſay, his wife had taken it by miſtake.

But on their going to make a week's viſit to an old college acquaintance of his, who lived in a ſuperior ſtyle of grandeur, and elegance, he ſaid to his wife, pray my dear be on your guard, and do not expoſe yourſelf amongſt ſtrangers; with this requeſt ſhe carefully complied. But on the morning of their departure, when the ſervant came to carry her baggage to the chaiſe, ſhe took up a band box, which ſhe ſaid contained her laces, &c.; and ſaid ſhe would carry it herſelf. But unfortunately as ſhe ſtepped into the carriage, with a jerk, the ſtring broke, and out dropped a dozen pieces of wax-candle; the remains of what had lighted them to bed.

Luckily, the Lady of the houſe did not attend

tend them to the door; and the gentleman, in a good-natured way, said, well Harry! your wife, I find, is in a longing condition. I have known several girls, who have had a trick of chewing wax. He then ordered the footman to pick up the remnants; and tied up the band-box, and put it into the chaise.

Many good rules are given us for subduing our evil propensities, and to prevent their becoming habitual. But every thing will yield to fortitude and manly resolution. This assertion a droll fellow was enforcing, and said, "I could swallow a lighted candle," (which he had in his hand) "if I was resolved on it." And I am "resolved," (added he) immediately thrusting the "flaming miniſter," as Othello calls it, into his mouth. Whether he really swallowed it or not, the ſtory leaves us to conjecture.

But if we have not that decisive resolution to ſtop ſhort in our career; let us adopt the rule which was observed by some pious prelate; with regard to matrimony, he made a vow every morning, not to marry that day. If therefore we perceive a propensity to drinking drams, to passionate expressions, or any thing of that kind, let us firmly resolve every morning, not to be guilty of it that day at leaſt; and finding by degrees the temptation becoming daily less powerful, our self-applause will give us infi-

nitely more self-satisfaction, than the indulging any vicious inclination could possibly do, "Accuſtom yourself to what is right, and practice will make it not only easy, but in time, delightful."

On the contrary, if in our youth, we indulge ourselves even in any trifling irregularities; or take no pains to get rid of, or to subdue them, they will in time take such deep root, as not to be eradicated: and we muſt be content, as we grow old, to be classed amongst those odd mortals, who are unwelcome gueſts, and ſtrike a damp on every polite party, into which they intrude.

But if our eccentricities have not only a disagreeable, but an immoral tendency, let us reflect on the beautiful and emphatical expreſsion of the prophet: "Can the Ethiopian "change his skin, or the leopard his spots? "then may ye also do good, that are accuſtom-"ed to do evil."

In ſhort, let us not leave room for any ill-habits, either mental or corporeal to enslave us, but let us train ourselves to those of virtue, piety, and charity, or universal benevolence, which will qualify us for the society of those pure refined spirits to which every good and wise man muſt hope hereafter to be admitted.

ON COMPLIMENTARY

FORMS OF SPEECH;

Trifling indeed, but necessary.

ERASMUS, in the beginning of his Colloquial Dialogues, gives us forms of Salutation on every occasion, with the precision of a master of the ceremonies or a dancing master. On taking leave of a friend, or congratulating him on his return, or meeting with an acquaintance, or passing by him, &c.

These complimentary Forms however, have all one and the same object; to shew, that we are on terms of amity, and in perfect good humour with our acquaintance; and none but a morose unsociable or ridiculously proud man, would omit or fastidiously criticise. Judge Page however, whom many people can yet remember, was a man of a peculiar character. And when setting out upon the circuit, and any of the young Templars wished his Lordship a

pleasant circuit, he would answer in his cynical ſtyle, "What is it to you? whether I have a "pleasant circuit or not?"

Yet there is a medium to be observed in the use of these trite phrases, to prevent their becoming ridiculous and diſguſting. When a man, with whom I have a very slight acquaintance, like Horace's Impertinent, will force me into a conversation, by admiring or "praiſing "the buildings or ſtreets," (the banqueting house at Whitehall or Parliament-ſtreet suppose) which we have seen and passed through every day for these twenty years, or the like; I can hardly forbear exclaiming aloud, as the poet did ſecretly to himself, "O! te, Bollane, "cerebri Felicem!"

Bollanus it seems had a peculiar felicity in getting rid of an impertinent fellow; either by some very rough language, or perhaps, by ſhoving him into the kennel.

In general indeed, many very worthy benevolent people, are rather laughably superfluous in the use of this common-place phraseology. An acquaintance of mine, a man of sense and reading; and who has been pretty much in the world, though not much in polite company, yet affects an easy freedom in his address; he seizes me by the hand, and holds me fixed to the spot, in the midſt of a ſhower, &c.

though

though he sees I am in an hurry, to tell me that it rains very hard. Sometimes he crosses the ſtreet, to observe, that it's a fine day, after the rain; though the sun ſhines in our face.

Another man by way of ease and familiarity, gives me a sudden smart slap on the back, which as I have rather too great a sensibility of nerves, materially diſtresses me. I told him lately, the story of Prince Eugene's leaning out at his chamber window in his waiſtcoat; when a footman came behind him, and with his whole force gave him a blow on the back. The prince ſtarted up in wrath—but the poor fellow asked his highness's pardon, in the moſt submissive manner, and said, he took it for Mr. John the valet de chambre, "If it had been Mr. John, "says the prince, you need not have ſtricken "him so hard." My friend however, has not yet taken the hint.

Although these kind of expressions are quite unmeaning, we should not be too negligent in the use of them. For my part, I often, through carelessness, observe to some acquaintance whom I meet, that it is fine weather, when perhaps it has been raining half the day. And I sometimes, in parting from any one to whom I have been talking, wished him a good morning, when it is almoſt dark.

I lately walked side by side with a very

complaisant gentleman, whom I did not know, who contradicted himself within two hundred yards, in passing from Somerset-house to Exeter 'Change. The firſt who spoke to him, obſerved, "it is a very cold morning Mr. "Jones;" Yes, says he, hugging himself and pulling his coat to his breaſt; "I was juſt wiſh-"ing for my great coat." The next whom he met, calls out, "Good morrow to you, Mr. "Jones, it is very warm to day;" "Yes, Sir, "I proteſt I am quite in a perspiration."—Happy pliability of temper, (said I to myself) this man will go through the world, "like a "ghost through a key hole, without touching "either of the wards."*

As for those ecſtatic expressions of joy, and of your happiness in meeting with a man for whom you do not care a fig, they savour too much of one hackneyed in the vulgar paths of life, to be adopted by a man of any degree of taſte or refinement of sentiment, unless he had any point of importance to gain by it.

There is yet another order of beings of whom I have little more knowledge, than of the real angels in the cæleſtial regions; I mean the higher and more poliſhed circles of life. From what slight intercourse I have had with them however,

* Addison's Haunted House. Sc. 2.
Dixeris æstuo, sudat. Juv.

however, I fancy it is rather various and undefined; ard regulated by no other rules than the Caprice of individuals. In some it is all rapture on a young lady's entering the drawing-room of a common acquaintance; ſhe is all ecſtacy in meeting with a conſtant associate; and vows it is an age since ſhe saw her laſt, though perhaps they had rambled the whole town over together two days before.

A lady of a different caſt comes in with a ſtately air, sits down and answers any thing addressed to her, with a reserved air and a slight bow. In a very ſhort time, however, the reſtraint is too irksome to be continued; the flame burſts forth: nature resumes her claim, and this reserved ſtately dame engrosses the whole conversation to herself.

I cannot forbear mentioning a complimentary salutation, which I partly overheard between a drayman, and the proprietor of an ambulatory wheel-barrow. The man having heard, I suppose, the phrase often applied to a deformed person, 'that they seem hardly human creatures,' thought 'human creatures' was a term of reproach; and bade the old woman, "go along you human creature."—"No more a human creature than yourself," (retorts the poor woman under the same idea,) "you blackguard rascal!" Yet it is probable, that these good people had less rancour

rancour in their hearts, than two rival beauties in higher life, who express so much rapture on meeting those whom they perhaps mortally hate.

But not to trifle with my readers, (if I have readers) any longer, I will only observe, that either to pass by our acquaintance, when we meet them, with a supercilious silence or ſtately nod, or to detain and bore them with remarks on what their own senses muſt have suggeſted to them, is equally impertinent and unpolite.*

"Ne quid nimis;" not too much of any thing, is a maxim on all occasions universally acknowledged.

"Let not to either side the balance lean,
"But even in trifles, keep the golden mean.

THE

* The French have a proverbial phrase, which points at this common evil; cela va sansdire; I should have perceived it, (that the sun shines, for instance) though you had not told me. "Tell me it snows," is our English proverb.

THE PUBLICK TRANQUILITY DISTURBED BY TRIFLING INDIVIDUALS.

"And lodge such daring souls in little men?" POPE.

WHEN the famous Dr. Bentley was Vice-chancellor of Cambridge, and sitting in his Court, in his official capacity, one of the beadles came up to him, and said, he had brought the man who was accused of Atheism. "Oh! very well, says the doctor, where is this "giant that would dethrone the Almighty?— "Let me see him." "This is he," says the beadle, pointing to a little man, as thin as Simon Shadow the taylor, Falſtaff's recruit— "What! this little diminutive animal," replied the doctor; "Is this the scrap of entity? "I ſhould have thought he had been as big as "Burrow of Caius College;" a fat beadle, then present in the court.

The alarm excited in the nation about the year 1792, by the Corresponding Society, and which

which continued 'till 1799, is freſh in the memory of moſt people now living.

The society was probably very numerous, but from the specimens which have appeared in the weſtern parts of the kingdom, (two or three of which I have seen) whatever danger might have been apprehended from such daring spirits*, we could have little to fear from their personal prowess: as a north-eaſt wind muſt have been a formidable enemy to them, and have put the whole brigade to flight.

In a late publication, one of their champions represents himself as rather corpulent. But then from his having sate so long cross-legged, I ſhould imagine that nine such unweildy animals would hardly make one effective military man. Yet these trifling demagogues in their obscure retreat, alarmed the publick, and even made the monarch tremble on his throne; which probably will bring to the recollection of many people, the fable of

The

* I think them all greatly my superiors in genius and abilities; but why are they not content with moral and entertaining subjects, in which they excel; but disturb the peace of the community of which they are members, with political speculations and visionary ideas of a government more perfect than our own; which I am convinced will never exist?

The LION and the FROGS.

A Lion, with his eyes half clos'd,
Within his royal den repos'd,
When suddenly a noise he hears,
Whose cause unknown excites his fears;
And up he ſtarts: and searches round
With cautious ſtep, but nothing found,
Yet the ſtill doleful, horrid noise
His majeſty's repose deſtroys.
And reſtless to explore the cause
Th' increasing sound the monarch draws
Towards a small contiguous lake,
And makes the dauntless lion quake,
When lo! an harmless Frog leaps out,
(Himself not less alarm'd no doubt)
Whose croaking, at a diſtance heard,
Was the dread foe, the lion fear'd.
The monarch vex'd and having slept ill,
Disturbed by such a trifling reptile
Not waiting for the forms of law,
Cruſh'd him to death beneath his paw.

TRIFLING REFLECTIONS IN AN AUCTION ROOM AT BATH.

Omnia, Castor, emis, sic fiet ut omnia vendas. MARTIAL.

A HEAD of a college in Oxford, being under a necessity of coming to Bath every season for his wife's health, found it adviseable, being himself advanced in years, to take a small house in one of the old squares; and, in order to furniſh it at less expence, he attended every auction and sale of goods for near half a year together. By which means he had contracted such an habitual emacity, as Pliny calls it (or propensity to purchase every thing that we see) especially if it ſtrikes our fancy, under the idea of being cheap or a great bargain, that after he had accompliſhed his purpose, for which he attended those repositories of damaged furniture, he ſtill persevered in purchasing what he did not want; and at a sale by hand, I saw the reverend Dr. ascend, "ab inferis," from the in-

fernal regions of the kitchen and the scullery, with a baſting ladle in one hand, and a gridiron in the other; so that in ſhort, after his wife* died and he returned to reside in college, his house was found full from the cellar to the garret, with empty barrels, chairs and tables; beds and cheſts of drawers, enough to furniſh one of the largeſt lodging houses in Bath.

"Nature, as lord Bacon obſerves, knows not how to keep a mean;" and, from the principle of self-preservation, we never think we can secure a sufficient ſtock of the comforts and conveniences of life. Hence this habit of accumulating whatever we fancy will contribute to that end; not only money and land, but every other article of utility, ornament or amuſement. I knew a miſer, who dressed more meanly, than a day labourer, yet after his death, his cheſts were found full of handsome suits of clothes, and a dozen pair of ſhoes, made by the firſt artisans in London; and I remember a young baronet, who being fond of hunting, when he left the university, carried a dozen pair of buck-skin breeches with him from a celebrated operator then in Oxford.

I

* Those who would see a pattern for good wives, may read Mrs. L—b—n's epitaph in the abby church.

I myself, from the same accumulating inſtinct, have filled my house with such a multitude of pictures, that they have spread from the parlour into the passages; and from thence to the smoky walls of the kitchen: nor yet is my appetite cloyed, or my taſte for pictures diminiſhed. This habit, I believe, is confirmed by the number of auctions; as auctions, on the contrary, are multiplied and supported, to an immense degree, by idle people, who, if they can save their money, consider their time as of no value; nay, are glad to get rid of it, on such easy terms.

As I have often attended these places of resort, in hopes of purchasing a picture or a book at an easy rate, when the majority of the company were only intent on buying chairs and tables, and as I generally was very early at the scene of action, I had an opportunity of observing the whole process of the affair.

And firſt, about half an hour before he commences his operations, the Hierophant, or chief performer enters, and with the air of a general before an engagement, surveys the various articles that are ranged in order to come successively into action; gives his clerk and his porters, their several inſtructions; and prepares himself perhaps by premeditation, with some

panegyric on the moſt valuable lots; or some pleasantry on the worthless ones.

And now the company begins to assemble; three or four conſtant attendants (I speak of the auctions in Bath)‡ of senatorial appearance (egregious Triflers) take their seats at the upper end of the table; they produce their catalogues and their pencils, to regiſter the exact price of every article.

And now, behold, the orator ascends the roſtrum; and every breaſt pants with expectation;

‡ As I have seldom had an opportunity of attending the celebrated Longford's or Christie's auctions in London, as I live in the vicinity of Bath, I have taken my ideas from thence, where however, I believe, in proportion to its extent, are more auctions than in the metropolis.

This reminds me of the late Dr. Haringtonǂ, who about fifty years ago, was the senior of the only two physicians then monopolizing the whole practice of Bath; ("Credite, Posteri!") and who, when some whimsical patient would have him consult with his own London physician, and the young prig would perhaps ask Dr. Harington, "Don't you think Dr. it would be proper to take more blood from our patient?" "Oh! yes, you come from London, you must certainly know better than me; yes, yes, Sir, you come from London," &c. &c. &c.

ǂ Uncle to the present ingenious Dr. H——ton.

tion; like that of the courser at the ſtarting-poſt, before the ſounding of the trumpet.

After three or four preliminary lots of broken or cracked China baſons; odd knives and forks, and a brass candleſtick, which the aforeſaid ſolemn perſonages carefully mark in the margin of their catalogues;—"here gentlemen, says the herald of advantageous purchases, here is an article worth your attention! it is not only a curious specimen of the taſte of our anceſtors, says he, (pointing to an old elbow chair) who made their furniture as they built their barns of the heart of oak; but is ſupposed to be the very chair in which the renowned John Bunyan dreamed his dream, and saw his vision, and aſcended in imagination, from this world to the cæleſtial paradise.——Come! gentlemen; who bids half-a-guinea for John Bunyan's elbow chair? some little broker in the corner of the room, bade eighteen-pence!—Down went the hammer.

Well, gentlemen, says the auctioneer, I find you have no taſte for antiquities. Here is a modern piece of furniture, in the firſt ſtile of elegance! a superb sopha! The frame richly carved and gilt, with the seat of blue damask.—Come, ladies and gentlemen—He was going on in the usual ſtrain, when the company at the door was in motion, and making way for Lady

Buſtleton, and a train of half a dozen humble friends. And advancing towards the roſtrum, the orator begged the favour of the gentlemen to make a little room for her Ladyſhip: a *little* room, said a gentleman, in a low voice, will not be ſufficient for her ladyſhip; (who was a ſtar of the firſt magnitude.) He then desired the lady to do him the honor of looking at the ſofa! on which he said, some of the firſt characters in the kingdom had reposed themselves: that it had belonged to the celebrated Mrs. ———. Her ladyſhip caſt a scornful glance at it, but made no reply:—Here the beau has said ſoft things to his miſtress, and the wit, smart things to divert the assembly. It was knocked down however to a broker, who paid no regard to the orator's fine speeches, but to the old maxim;

"What's the worth of any thing,
"But so much money as 'twill bring?"

An handsome swing looking glass was then produced, which the auctioneer recommended, as an uncommonly fine plate of glass, and begged the ladies to examine it; they all immediately snatched the opportunity of surveying their pretty faces, and pronounced it a moſt *beautiful* piece of furniture; as they were delighted with what they saw there.

There

There next came a large oval dining table; which the orator said, was one of the fineſt pieces of mahogany, which ever crossed the Atlantic Ocean! it was the property of the late well known Mr. ———, who perhaps kept the moſt hospitable table of any man of his rank in the three kingdoms! Yes, says a crabbed old gentleman, with a loud whisper, and now his family are forced to sell his hospitable table, and the chairs that daily surrounded it, and are reduced to the loweſt degree of indigence and diſtress.

But now came the principal object of Lady Buſtleton's attention—an elegant mahogany cheſt of drawers; an useful piece of furniture, which her Ladyſhip wanted—"Half a guinea, (cries one of her ladyſhip's humble companions) "A guinea and half," (cries some spirited bidder) "five ſhillings more", says the young lady; in ſhort it went on to three guineas and an half, and the auctioneer elevated his hammer—a going! a going, at three guineas and an half!—Four guineas! cries her ladyſhip herself—in great trepidation; when down it was knocked. Well! says one of her companions, it is a *perdigious* bargain! Yes! indeed, says another of her Ladyſhips' friends, I had no *ideur* it would have gone under five guineas.

A plain looking man, who sat behind me, (and

(and who I found was a cabinet maker) whispered to one who sat next to him, "it went new out of my ſhop for three guineas.

Her ladyſhip, however, and her humble suite, retired, exulting in their good fortune, in having met with ſo advantageous a purchase: and this, I believe, is the case with the majority of those who attend auctions! ignorant of the usual price of what they buy, they bid at random; while a few intelligent brokers, get a good livelyhood, from the folly of those self-conceited œconomiſts, or buyers of bargains.

Yet, I was equally surprised at a gentleman with whom I have some years had a coffee-house acquaintance, and whom I knew lived altogether in lodgings; and yet I saw him purchase several articles, which in such a situation, he could not possibly want.

And firſt, my friend was announced as the purchaser of a pair of bellows; at which I was a little surprised; but more so, when a warming pan was knocked down to him! and I could not forbear asking him, whether they had no warming pan at his lodgings? Yes, says he; but as we have other lodgers, and I never go into a cold bed, winter or summer, I am forced to wait half an hour before I can go to reſt. But, I was ſtill more aſtoniſhed to hear him bid for a very handsome bird-cage, with gilt wires,

and

and asked him, if he was fond of singing birds? "Yes, he replied, in the fields or woods, though I am too great a friend to liberty, to confine any animal againſt it's will—as this cage, however, is a great bargain, I ſhould be glad to oblige a young lady of my acquaintance who keeps Canary birds."

I found, however, that this gentleman was a little infected with the disease of emacity; or itch for buying bargains above mentioned.

There were no pictures at the auction which I have described, except two or three family portraits, in red or blue coats and flaxen perukes, and their cravats tucked in their button holes. There was one small head, however, of about a foot dimension, with a ſtar and ermined ſaſh, which, I believe was the duke of Glouceſter, the much lamented son of queen Anne and prince George of Denmark—for this, two young fellows bade, by way of fun; but it was knocked down to one of them at three shillings and sixpence, which he reluctantly paid; and he and his companion retired with their purchase to the firſt publick library, where, after mutually desiring each other to take it with them, they at laſt agreed to slip away, while the maſter of the ſhop was busy at his accounts, and leſt it on his hands, like a foundling. Thus, inſtead of pocketing a book clan-

clandeſtinely, of which the Bath booksellers ſometimes complain, they ſmuggled into his hands, a fine ſhowey portrait, which may hereafter adorn, either the servant's hall, or perhaps the little parlour, that opens into the ſhop of ſome grandchild, according to the rank of life which fortune may allot them.

I ſhall cloſe these trifling reflections, with only observing that I am convinced by long experience, "That it is better and cheaper (all circumſtances considered) to go directly to ſome creditable tradesman, who is contented with moderate gains, (I do not mean those who sell *under* prime *cost*,) and buy what we really want, than to ſpend our time and money at an auction; where we are often tempted irreſiſtably to buy superfluous articles of furniture, often beyond their original price, and often damaged or patched up goods. If we consider it as an agreeable lounge, we ſhould go armed with reſolution, not to bid for a single article, inſtead of buying every thing that ſtrikes our fancy. Let us attend to the remark, contained in my motto

"Omnia caſtor, emis, sic fiet ut omnia vendas."

While thus you buy, whate'er you see,
And think you do full well,
The conſequence will surely be,
You every thing muſt sell.

ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTES.

PART III.

To the READER.

TO avoid the imputation of that disgusting figure of speech, called Egotism, ridiculed by Menage in speaking of his countryman Montaigne, and by Dr. Young in his "Love of Fame," and so forth; "And I, the little hero of each tale;" we have run into a contrary absurd and often inconvenient, extreme of speaking of ourselves in the third person. If we relate a fact, which we know to be true, why not tell our readers so?

A Dr. Nicholas Robinson, who some years since practised at Bath, I had almost said, (but that would have been too bold an assertion) he lived there however, wrote an history in the style of Cæsar's Commentaries, of which Dr. Nicholas Robinson himself was the hero; and the Subject the Doucus Sylvesteis, or wild carrot, as an infallible specific for the stone and gravel.

"Cæsar de his rebus certior factus se."

On this intelligence Cæsar joined his legions, &c.

Thus the Dr. finding the enemy assembled in force, about his loins and kidneys, immediately had recourse to his wild carrots; who, like the red haired Cambro Britons, descended from their rocks and mountains, and put the stone and gravel to flight.

In our message cards, this is often inconvenient, though sometimes useful, as when for instance, it prevents a young or perhaps an old lady, from conveying scandal in the full extent which she would wish to do: for in this kind of writing, there often appears a necessity of beginning a card in the third person, and ending in the first. "Miss Flirt presents her compliments to Miss Flaunt, she will call on her to-morrow morning, and go a shopping. I hope the old gentry are all well; give my compliments."

George Selwyn, one of the wits of the day, about fifty years since, ridiculed this style of writing, in a card, ornamented with a little plump lady of quality, then well known.

"Lady Dorothy Drum sends her compliments
"To Sir Francis, his Lady, and both the Miss Dents;
"Hopes they are all well, and that they've been told,
"She is ill of a fever and violent cold;

But

"But her fever abating, to-morrow she intends,
"To see them, and about five hundred more friends.
"Lets them know, what they've heard already no doubt;
"That poor Lady Ch——— has been found out
"With a lawyer, a parson, a Jew and a trooper,
*"Besides her own footman and poor Mr. Cooper."**

A FEW

* This was a young templar at that time, but could not be the celebrated poet, who must then have been an infant, though the most modest man might have been seduced by a lady so liberal of her charms.

A FEW

TRIFLING ANECDOTES

Of the late Sir WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

THE life of this learned judge, I believe, has been published, though the writer of theſe anecdotes has never ſeen it. But as I‖ was choſen from Pembroke college to a fellowſhip of All-Soul's, and Sir William Blackſtone followed me thither, from the ſame college a few years afterwards, we became particularly intimate; and he communicated to me, without reſerve, his youthful projects and productions; and I am even now aſtoniſhed at the extent of his genius, and at the variety and early improvement of his talents

He ſhewed me a poem which he had written before he was twenty-one years of age;

‖ I venture to ſpeak of myſelf in the firſt perſon.

called "The Pantheon," and which, by my perſuasion, he publiſhed; but being on a ſerious subject, and coming out precisely at the time of ſome of Gray's Odes, it was leſs noticed than it deserved. This poem of Sir William Blackſtone's represents a tutor conducting his pupil through the different religions which have prevailed in the world, and fixing him in the Chriſtian, as eſtabliſhed in this kingdom.

A year or two after, he had compiled a ſmall folio treatise on Architecture, which he had drawn up from Palladio, Leoni, &c. and which seemed to me to comprehend every thing that is neceſſary for a gentleman to know on that subject.

When he had been about two years at the Temple, on his coming down to All-Soul's election, I asked him how he liked the law? He ſaid it was a very dry ſtudy; "but," added he, "I have made myſelf pretty well maſter of it." What! in two years, I exclaimed with ſurprise? "Yes ſays he; I have reduced it to a ſyſtem; ſo that I have only to read new acts of Parliament, and the different authors who have written on our laws:"

From this syſtem, I ſuppoſe, he formed his Syllabus; when he read his Vinerian Lectures, on the Statute Law; of which he was choſen professor, and afterwards, his "Commentaries

mentaries on the Laws of England." A work, which may well be ſtyled an immortal possession; and which will probably never be excelled, nor be superseded by any thing superior of its kind. Mr. Charles York, afterwards for a ſhort time Lord Chancellor, told Dr. Warburton, That if that book had been publiſhed when he began ſtudying the law, it would have ſaved him the reading of twelve hours in the day.

But in every situation and department of business or office, in which Sir William Blackſtone was engaged, even in the leaſt important, he made uſeful discoveries or improvements: not from a busy, innovating disposition; but from his penetrating and extensive views of every subject, he discovered what had escaped the attention of less discerning optics.

When he was of ſtanding in the college to be made Bursar, and he came to inspect the syſtem of accounts, he rectified blunders which had gone on from one generation to another.

A more important inſtance of his useful regulations, was his eventually finiſhing the Codrington Library in All-Soul's College. Colonel Chriſtopher Codrington§, about the year 1710,

§ Governor of the Leeward Islands, who had been a member of this college.

1710, left an eſtate of 400l. a year, to build a library for the reception of the beſt collection of books of all the modern languages, in Oxford. But by neglect or mismanagement, the eſtate grew less, inſtead of increasing in its value, so that the building had been at a ſtand, and quite neglected for many years.

Sir William enquired into the real value of the eſtate; and soon found how much the college had been imposed upon; in ſhort, he put things upon so good a footing, that in a few years, he and the whole college had the satisfaction to see that noble edifice completely finiſhed, and the books arranged according to a syſtematical method, which, I believe, was Sir W. Blackſtone's own.

A no less important, though seemingly trifling œconomical plan, during his Bursarſhip, was his laying in wine by the pipe, in the college cellar, so that the sober part of the college might drink a pint, or even half a pint of good wine, and return to their ſtudies, without going to the tavern across the ſtreet; where the jovial part went after dinner, to drink bad wine; and where they were often tempted, I fear, to loiter a good part of the afternoon.

I can only give these, comparatively, trifling anecdotes of Sir W. Blackſtone, before he rose to that eminence in the law, to which his very

very great merit so juſtly entitled him; and which it was not probable, he would fail of obtaining in this reign and in this age; in which real learning, knowledge and virtue, are ſeldom disappointed of their reward.

I have heard it obſerved however, that Sir William Blackſtone made a better figure as a Judge, than as a counſel or advocate. Every thing was weighty and deciſive: as a counſel, therefore, he had not that plauſible ſuperfluity of words, which gives ſome pleadings a ſhow of eloquence; and never used those ſupplementary phraſes, of "I humbly apprehend;" and I "beg leave to inſiſt on it; or I can take upon me to prove; with all imaginable eaſe and facility, to the perfect ſatisfaction of your lordſhip, and the court," &c. But this was the practice of the laſt century, "apud ſeculum prius;" nothing but ſound argument and ſterling ſenſe will paſs current in this enlightened age.

Sir William Blackſtone was by no means inſenſible to the graces of poetry and claſſical elegance; as appears by "the ‖Lawyer's Farewell to his Muſe;" written when he firſt went to reſide at the Temple: and a few other occaſional poems printed in other names.

Nor

‖ See Dodsley's Miſcellany, vol. iv.

Nor was his taſte for polite literature diminiſhed by his researches into ancient records in the way of his profession.

In the black book of the admiralty, there is a clause relative to the word 'Havoc§,' which illuſtrates a passage in Shakespear's Julius Cæsar, and which Sir William transcribed and sent to the author of these anecdotes; "of him who escrieth Havoc, and of him that followeth him, both whom are liable to forfeit his horse and harness, &c."

"—— Cæsar's spirit raging for revenge,
With Atè by his side, and hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice
Cry Havoc! and let slip the dogs of war."

I cannot forbear, transcribing, though from a different letter, a sentiment of his on the love of fame, as it may tend to relieve the scruples of modeſt men on this head.

On my having paid him a compliment on his Commentaries, he replies, "I ought to have wished it unsaid; yet in spite of all our modesty, every man loves, "laudari a laudato viro."" And if honeſt fame be indeed as the ſtricteſt and moſt

§ This was a seditious watch word, and the using it punishable by law.

moſt prudish moraliſts allow, a virtuous motive of human conduct; I cannot see why any man ſhould squeamiſhly disdain to reap what he has been sowing all his life time.

In short, though the author of these Commentaries on the Laws of England, "does not want my feeble encomiums, yet I cannot forbear adding, my suffrage to that of the whole nation; and declaring, that in the course of a long life, I have not met with a man of whose talents; learning, integrity and virtue, I have formed a more exalted idea, than of those of Sir William Blackſtone."

P. S. On the publication of the second edition of the Biographical Dictionary, Sir W. Blackſtone endeavours to prove by dates, that Mr. Addison could have no intention to excite a comparison between Tickel's translation of the firſt book of the Iliad, with that of Pope. But by an apology which Addison made to Pope at the tavern when they dined together to adjuſt that affair, (as Spence relates) Sir W. Blackſtone, I fear, muſt have been miſtaken. This suspicion, every one knows, gave occasion to those satyrical verses of Mr. Pope upon Addison.

TRIFLING

TRIFLING ANECDOTES

Of the late RALPH ALLEN, Esq.

of Prior Park, near Bath*.

MR. ALLEN was born at Saint Blaise in Cornwall, about the year 1692.

An ingenious young gentleman who has lately made a tour of the Weſt, ſhewed me a drawing of the houſe, where Mr. Allen was born; which by the inhabitants of Saint Blaise, is ſtill ſhewn to ſtrangers; not merely as an object of curioſity, but many of them who had partaken of his bounty; (and are ſtill living) with a kind of religious veneration:

 This

* In what I am going to relate in these few Anecdotes, I do not pretend to great accuracy, as to time and other circumstances, but they are what were generally known and related as facts fifty years ago, when I first came to reside in the vicinity of Bath; of which few people in the neighbourhood could be ignorant.

This house seems to have been the residence of a gentleman's family, and is now converted into a farm house, and by no means warrants Mr. Pope's epithet of "low born Allen," which on a hint from biſhop Warburton, was changed for "humble Allen."

Indeed, though it is usually a great compliment to any man, who from a mean original, has raised himself by his merit and ingenuity, to a degree of eminence, yet in compliance with the prejudice of the world, no one can be pleased to be reproached, as it is called, with his low birth.

If however any one who has had success in the world, and is advanced to a ſtate superior to those who were formerly his equals, ſhould so far forget his original, as to treat his less prosperous neighbours with insolence; the muſhroom is deservedly reminded of the dunghill, from which he sprung—"Duſt thou art, and to duſt thou ſhalt return!"

In the year 1715, Mr. Allen was one of the clerks in the poſt office in Bath; when having got intelligence of a waggon load of arms, which was coming up from the Weſt, for the use of the disaffected in this part of England, (who were supposed to have projected an insurrection, in order to co-operate with that in Scotland and the north of England) Mr. Allen commu-

communicated this to general Wade: who was then quartered with troops at Bath, and who finding him a very sensible prudent young man, got him advanced, after the death of Mr. Quaſh, who was then poſt maſter, to that ſtation, and afterwards married him to Miss Earl, his natural daughter.

In this situation, Mr. Allen projected the plan of multiplying the cross poſts upon so extensive a scale, as to add six thousand pounds a year to the revenue of the government; of the success of which speculation, he was so confident, that he himself farmed it at that price, and ventured to take a lease of it for twenty-one years. This scheme so far exceeded his expectations, that at the expiration of that term, he took another lease of it at the rent of twenty thousand pounds a year; (I think that was the sum) yet he is supposed to have had a very advantageous bargain.

After an interval of some years, Mr. Allen opened those ſtupendous ſtone-quarries on Combe-down on a grand scale; whence by means of a waggon way, or an inclined plain (now become common) a single horse would conduct a carriage with a ton weight of ſtone, down to the wharf at Bath; from whence, after supplying ſtone for the publick buildings in that city, it was conveyed by water to Briſtol, London,

Liverpool, and to Ireland—to Lisbon, and to almoſt every part of Europe.

The quality of the Bath ſtone is such, that it is easily cut and carved, when freſh from the quarry; and afterwards becomes so hard, as to ſtand the froſt, and reſiſt the injuries of time, unimpaired, for many generations §.

Having by these honourable speculations, secured a princely income, about the year 1735 or 6, Mr. Allen began to build Prior Park, which is a magnificent pile of building; but by the columns in the hall rising into the second story (contrary to the original design of the architect) the number and spaciousness of the bed chambers, is inconveniently diminiſhed, and they are made gloomy and unpleasant: wings are joined to the main building by a colonade; that on the left is a beautiful pavilion, and seems to me to have all the conveniences for a private family. It was a favourite apartment with Mr.

§ N. B. It was vulgarly reported, that Mr. Allen carried on these stone works, merely as a blind to government, to prevent their knowledge of the produce of the cross posts, but as such an artifice was unworthy of Mr. Allen, so, as he had a lease for one and twenty years, he had no reason for making use of it.

Mr. Allen, where he often breakfaſted or drank tea, with his moſt intimate friends.

Prior Park commands a noble view of the city of Bath and its ſurrounding hills, covered with beautiful buildings, and is itſelf reciprocally a beautiful object to many parts of the city of Bath. The pleaſure ground of Prior Park, though not extenſive, is beautifully romantic, and good uſe is made of the various rills of water which appear to iſſue from a rock, ſtricken by the wand of Moſes, (a ſtatue of whom is placed above it) and trickling down the precipiece, are collected below into a ſerpentine river, which is ornamented by a fictitious bridge, deſigned by Mr. Pope, to conceal it's termination.

There is a gothic building at the top, or rather on one ſide of the pleaſure ground, which was intended for the head gardener; but is really a comfortable and elegant dwelling for a ſmall genteel family; and lately has been rented by many people of fortune; particularly ſince the idea of happiness attached to that of a cottage, has been ſo prevalent in this kingdom.—As there is this elegant building at the top of the pleaſure ground, it is terminated at the bottom by a Palladian bridge, at the head of a conſiderable lake, plentifully ſtocked with fiſh.

No one ever made a more noble uſe of an

ample fortune, than Mr. Allen; his generosity was unbounded; he contributed largely to all public, and set apart a thousand pounds a year for private charities.

Wherever he came, he considered how he could do moſt good. When he had purchased Bath Hampton, he entirely rebuilt the church; and some years afterwards, when Dr. Warburton, (who had married Mr. Allen's niece, Miss Tucker) was made dean of Briſtol, Mr. Allen built a new front to the Deanery. And when Dr. Warburton become biſhop of Glouceſter, he made expensive improvements at the biſhop's palace at Glouceſter.

In the year 1758, Mr. Allen purchased the manor of Claverton, where, after having repaired, improved and built a gallery in the church; finding that the rector had several young gentlemen of family and fortune under his care; and a very indifferent old house for their accommodation, Mr. Allen offered to build him a room, which he immediately executed: building a room twenty-five feet by sixteen, with two bed chambers over it, which he observed would serve for a school, as long as he continued that employment; and might afterwards be converted into a good parlour, as it is at present.

Mr. Allen lived in so noble and hospitable a manner at Prior Park, that no one diſtinguiſhed

guiſhed by rank, learning, or eminence, in any profession, or public employment, came to Bath, but was either invited to, or introduced at Prior Park. Mr. Pope was almoſt a conſtant inmate in the family, during the Bath season for many years.

As Mr. Allen paid the same regard to genius and merit of every kind, as to rank or fortune; together with Dr. Warburton, I met Mr. William Hoare, the painter, at Prior Park; who so long presided at the head of his profession in Bath; and who was not only one of the moſt virtuous, friendly, and inoffensive men, but one of the beſt classical scholars, both in Greek and Latin, with whom I was ever acquainted.

Mr. Fielding also, who then lived at Twerton, (in the firſt house on the right hand, with a spread eagle over the door, now inhabited by Mr. Williams, a respectable brewer) dined almoſt daily at Prior Park, while he was writing his novel of Tom Jones; in return for which hospitality, he complimented Mr. Allen in the character of Allworthy; though disguised with many fictitious circumſtances.

Amongſt others, I dined there with Sir J. C-pe, who commanded the royal army, which was defeated at the battle of Preſton-Pans; and who outrid the express, and arrived at St. James's before the courier, who was dispatched to

to inform his majeſty of that Event; upon which his majeſty observed, "That he was the firſt general he had ever heard of, who brought the news of his own defeat," and immediately turned his back upon him. When the news of the day was mentioned at table, Sir John said, "Aye, so it is written; but you muſt never believe any thing you read in the news-papers," in hopes of invalidating the truth of the above mentioned transaction. It was then well known, that Flora Macdonald, who attended the prince in this expedition, called a run away horse, which ſhe rode, "Johnny Cop."

About the year 1752, I met Mr. Richardſon, in Mr. Leak's, the bookſeller's parlour, (whose ſiſter Richardson married) who told me he was going to dine with Mr. Allen at Prior Park; "twenty years ago," said he, "I was the moſt obscure man in Great Britain; and now I am admitted to the company of the firſt characters in the kingdom. I would have persuaded your cousin Miss Chapone who was then in Bath) to accompany me to Prior Park;" but ſhe said, "ſhe ſhould not like to go amongſt *strangers!*" I told her, (added he) we were all *strangers* before we were acquainted."

About this time, Mr. Pope being one day at dinner, had a letter delivered to him by the servant;

ſervant; on which having inſpected it, he ſhook his head; and on Mr. Allen asking, what was the matter, he answered, a Lincolnſhire clergyman, to whom he had very great obligations, was coming to make him a visit at Twickenham. If that be all, said Mr. Allen, invite him to come hither. Let him come to Chippenham in the ſtage coach, and we will send our carriage to meet him, and convey him to Prior Park.

This is one of those accidental occurrences which so often determine the future condition of a man's life. But for this introduction, and the powerful influence which Mr. Allen poſſeſſed, though Dr. Warburton's works have been universally admired by the public, yet no one in particular, might have thought himself obliged to notice or patronize the author. The same may be applied to the present respectable and no less learned and ingenious Dr. Hurd, biſhop of Worceſter: whom, from a very retired situation, Dr. Warburton drew into celebrity, by introducing him to Prior Park.

Before I quit this rendezvous of learning and genius, I will here mention the biſhop of Glouceſter's appearing at court, after a pretty long recess of parliament; when the king came up to him and said, as words of course—"So, my Lord, I suppose you are juſt come up from

from your residence in your diocese at Glouceſter." "No, please your majeſty, I am come immediately from Prior Park, where I am nearer to a considerable part of my diocese, than I ſhould be at Glouceſter. And where I spend my time in combating the enemies of that faith, of which your majeſty is the avowed and truly zealous defender."

After the levee, the king going into his library, with his usual condescension, said to Mr. Weſton, his librariant, "I got into an awkward embarrassment with the biſhop of Glouceſter at the levee; on my saying, without any design, that I supposed he was juſt returned from his diocese of Glouceſter, his lordſhip began making a formal apology; as if I intended to call him to an accouut for non-residence."

At the firſt visit which I made at Prior Park, I met Dr. Warburton for the firſt time; whom I ventured to pronounce one of the moſt polite men I had ever seen. Those who have only known him, as engaged in controversy, may be surprised at this. But I found him so attentive to every one that spoke, particularly to myself; who am the worſt of all possible speakers, setting every thing that I said in the beſt light, and in ſhort paying a deference to his in-

† Late fellow of Magdalen College, afterwards rector of Witney.

inferiors (as moſt of the company were, for he was then dean of Briſtol) that he had certainly the claim to the character of a polite man, if deſtitute of superficial gentleness of manners. Indeed, when contradicted or opposed, his antagoniſt would probably have no reason to triumph, as appeared on many occasions.

It muſt be owned likewise, that he treated some of his moſt respectable adversaries, as Dr. Stebbing, for inſtance and Dr. Gray, with too much haughtiness and contempt. However I never read a more spirited answer to the free thinkers in general¶, than his address to those gentlemen, in "the Divine legation of Moses." After observing, that they have been treated with singular complaisance by some of our order; he goes on—"But I who neither love your cause, nor fear the abilities that support it, while I preserve for you that juſtice and charity which my profession teaches me, is due to all, can never be brought to think otherwise of you, than as the despisers of the maſter whom I serve, and as the implacable enemies of that order to which I have the honor to belong. And as such, I ſhould be tempted to glory in your Censures; but would certainly refuse your Commendations."

Dr.

¶ One of them says, I deny his major, and his minor, in short, I don't understand his conclusion.

Dr. Johnson, in his life of Pope, has a long criticism on Warburton's ſtyle; but it is curious to remark, that he cenſures him for his unmeaſured ſentences; as the pedantic care with which Johnson himſelf labours his ſentences, particularly in the Rambler, has been conſidered by many, as the chief blemiſh of his ſtyle.

"This quality of looking forward into futurity, ſeems the unavoidable condition of a being, whoſe motions are gradual, and whoſe life is progreſſive. As by the continual advances from this ſtage of exiſtence, he is perpetually varying the horizon of his proſpects, he muſt always diſcover new motives of action, new excitements of fear, and allurements of deſire. All endeavours ought to be uſed for the prevention of a diſeaſe, for which, when it has attained its height, perhaps no remedy will be found in the gardens of philoſophy; however ſhe may boaſt her phyſic of the mind, her cathartics of vice, or lenetives of paſſion."

This calls to my mind, a poetical contraſt of Mrs. H. More's, which I ſaw at the Cheap Repoſitory, which is admirably calculated to engage the attention of the Perſons for whom it was intended, called "Here and Hereafter." "HERE every thing is tranſitory and imperfect; THERE every thing is perfect and eternal!"

When

When Mr. Allen gave an entertainment to the Corporation, on Mr. Pitt's being chosen member for Bath, Dr. Warburton sat at the head of the table. An old bencher of Lincoln's Inn, Mr. Keck, to whom I sat opposite, was telling a gentleman, who had asked him whom they had got for a preacher, now Dr. Warburton had resigned: "Oh!" says he, "we have now the fineſt preacher in England; the celebrated Dr. A——n!"—"Yes Sir," says Warburton, (who overheard him) "I would have recommended a man of some learning to you; but you were determined to have a MOB preacher." Poor Keck drew in his horns and made no reply.

Much low buffoonery was circulated on the influence which Mr. Allen acquired over the Corporation at that time. But we muſt not judge of the general character of this body fifty years ago, by the set of gentlemen who now form the Corporation of Bath; which is not equalled perhaps by any corporation in the united kingdom; not excepting that of London itself. London may have many more wealthy members; but few, I am persuaded more learned, or more eminent in their respective profession.

As I have been invited, and dined at almoſt all the mayor's feaſts for half a century, I

have had an opportunity of marking the progressive improvement in politeness and urbanity, in that worſhipful society. At firſt they fully juſtified Dr. Harington's humourous deſcriptive ballad: the moment grace was said, there was a general inſurrection; up they ſtarted, and ran from one end of the table to the other, curiously pryed into, and inveſtigated every diſh; obſerved the ſituation of the beſt diſh of fiſh, and the fatteſt haunch;

> "Give me this! give me that!
> More fat, more fat." &c.

And when the deſert arrived, the good husbands immediately ſeized on the biſcuits and ſweetmeats, which they carried home to their beloved ſpouſes; which ſomewhat pacified and conſoled them for their tedious abſence.

As for the aſcendency which in general the affluent gain over the more indigent members of the community, it would be entering too far into the diſpute with thoſe ſpeculative Politicians, who have formed, I know not what imaginary idea of an Utopian, or perfect form of government; and of Elections in particular, to diſcuſs the point of "Univerſal Suffrage." But I am convinced in any county election, every cottager that worked for farmer Dobſon, would

would attend him to the county town; those who worked for farmer Hobson, would follow him: those whom the squire employed, or who rented of him, would of course vote as he directed; and the very *few* whom the rector could probably influence, (as his ale is seldom so ſtrong as that of the farmer) would perhaps vote with their paſtor.

Nor indeed can this Influence be altered without much inconvenience; for in the preſent imperfect ſtate of human nature, the merit of any two candidates is quite problematical; and it is an equal chance, whether the member who is chosen as a Tory, turns out to be a Whig; and after boaſting of his independence, does not become a moſt abject tool of the miniſter.

Though Mr. Allen had only a writing-school education, yet his natural good parts, improved by converſing so much with men of learning and taſte, and with persons in the genteeler walks of life, had given him a manner of expressing himself with great correctness; using many *hard* words, as they are called; and which had of late years been introduced into our familiar conversation.

Mr. Allen always preserv'd great decorum in attending the publick worſhip in his chapel, into which the family entered from the long gallery in the attic ſtory of the house.

It is an elegant building, adorned with an alter-piece of the aſcension, in chiaro aſcuro (and painted by Van Deeſt.) He had a chaplain who reſided in the family.

The Bible made uſe of in the chapel, is that which biſhop Atterbury gave Pope, when he took leave of him, on his going into baniſhment; as is mentioned by Pope in his Letters. Biſhop Warburton, Pope's executor, I ſuppoſe, presented it to Mr. Allen.

Mr. Allen was cenſured by ſome people, as having treated with unbecoming haughtineſs a very worthy nobleman of the very firſt family in England; the cauſe was this: Prior Park and its pleaſure grounds having become the object of curioſity to all ſtrangers who came to Bath, he was under a neceſſity of fixing one day in a week, when the company might be admitted to see it. Lord S———k, having been a little time in Bath, and being obliged to leave it before Thurſday (the publick day) ſent his ſervant out of livery, with his requeſt to see the pleaſure ground on Wednesday— to which Mr. Allen returned only a ſingle negative, "No!"

Now the truth was, that Mr. Allen being an immediate tenant of the crown, he had promoted an aſſociation at Bath, in the year Forty-five, in favour of government; and Lord S—k, being

suspected of having discouraged any association in his own neighbourhood, Mr. Allen did not think it adviseable, even on so triffling an occasion, to ſhew his lordſhip any particular mark of respect.

After Mr. Allen had purchased Claverton, in the year 1758, as I mentioned—he was so much pleased with the romantic situation, and with the manor-house, that he brought most of his company to see it; and generally dined there once a week. I dined there more than once with Mrs. Fielding, the author of 'David Simple'—"The Cry," and some other works: ſhe was ſiſter to Henry Fielding, the author of "Tom "Jones." Mr. Allen very generously allowed hsr one hundred pounds a year.

I spent an agreeable afternoon there, with Dr. Warburton, Dr. Hurd, and Mr. Mason. The two former seemed to have a great regard for Mr. Mason; but with great good nature, rallied him by allusions to some eccentricities, to which Poets are so frequently subject.

Mr. Allen was coming to reside at Claverton, for a few months, while some alterations, and painting the rooms at Prior Park, were going on. But in the spring of the year 1764, he was prevailed on to undertake a journey to London; though he had laboured under a complaint for some years, which made travelling irksome

to him. They proceeded as far as Maidenhead Bridge, at the weſt end of which, Mr. Allen had built the room with a bow window, and the room over it. Here they found it necessary to halt for some days; when finding his malady increase, they returned back, by ſhort ſtages to Prior Park; where after ſome ſhort time, he terminated his uſeful life, in the 72d year of his age; and was buried in the church yard of Claverton; and where a pyramidical mauſoleum is erected over his remains, according to a plan which he left behind; with a ſhort, plain Epitaph, expreſſive of his Faith in the Redemption and mediation of Jeſus Chriſt.

On a marble tablet, of a triangular building, near the Park, which perhaps, few people have obſerved, is the following inſcription by Biſhop Hurd:

" Memoriæ optimi viri, Radulphi Allen
" Poſitum, qui virtutem veram
" Simplicemque colis, venerare hoc ſaxum."

P. S. Before Mr. Pope's death, a coldneſs ſubſiſted between him and Mr. Allen, for which different cauſes were aſſigned. Some ſaid it proceeded from a ſlight ſhewn by Mr. Allen to Mrs. Blunt, Pope's friend—other's ſay, that Pope had aſked Mr. Allen, to ſell him, or give

give him, the mansion-house at Bath Hampton; which Mr. Allen of course, must necessarily refuse; and therefore Mr. Pope's resenting it, muſt have been very absurd. The former is the cause, which Dr. Johnson has assigned.

As I am not writing Mr. Allen's history, but only a few anecdotes, which have come to my own knowledge, it is not my business, in the style of a biographer, to give a formal character of him. The reader however, from what has been related, will observe, that he was a man of great benevolence, most extensive charity, and unbounded generosity: the latter indeed, he may be thought to have carried to a culpable extreme; as he left debts and legacies to the amount of seventy thousand pounds, which his executors had no more than thirty thousand pounds to discharge; without selling all the freehold property, which however, they were fully impowered to do, by his Will. This princely fortune, by virtuous industry, sobriety and a comprehensive mind, he was enabled to acquire, and from an humble origin to raise himself to a level with the firſt characters of the age.

In short, as Lord Clarendon thus sums up his character of Cromwell, "I doubt not but poſterity

poſterity will say, he was a great, wicked man;" so we may truly say of Mr. Allen, he was a good, and therefore a great man; for that every good man is a great man, all men muſt allow; although the proposition is not convertible, "that every great man is a good man;" inſtances of which, are obvious, in the characters of all the hero's of antiquity, as well as the modern hero's, down to our own times; not excepting, I fear, the Emperor Napoleon himself.

N. B. The Author of these Anecdotes, never saw what the ingenious Mr. Warner has said in his "Historical and descriptive account of the Environs of Bath;" nor did I know, that he had published any such work, until after this was sent to the press. However we differ in one or two material points; particularly with regard to General Wade's marrying his natural daughter to Mr. Allen, while he was only a Clerk at the Poſt-office; which is highly improbable; but he firſt made him Poſt maſter, and then married him to his daughter.

PART IV.

POETICAL.

ON A

PERENNIAL WOODBINE,

Which had instinctively twisted itself round Mr. Shenſtone's Urn, in the Parsonage Garden at Claverton †.

Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem!
VIRG.

AMIDST these laurels, ever-green,
The ivy mantling round,
Poor Shenstone's votive Urn is seen,
And consecrates the ground.

This

† The Author is indebted to Miss Frances Ec-k-ll's pencil for having given a permanency, and her muse a local celebrity to the above very trifling, but remarkably accidental circumstance in vegetation.

This limpid stream that murmuring falls
And winds these shades among,
His Leasowes to our mind recals,
And sweetly plaintive song.

The Wood-bine here its sweetest flowers
And rambling shoots confines,
Which round the Urn 'midst vernal showers
Its sheltering foliage twines.

There Roses, tho' they rarely view
The Suns' all-cheering ray,
Yet to the Bard, so justly due,
Their annual tribute pay.

Yon Jessamine, tho' so remote,
Its blossoms, sweet as fair,
As pendent o'er the Urn they float,
Perfume the ambient air.

Each fragrant shrub to Poets dear,
Or beauteous to the sight,
Round Shenstone's Urn assembled here
Their balmy sweets unite.

Yet sweeter far his Verse was deem'd,
More beautiful his Grove,
While he himself, by all esteem'd,
Claim'd universal love.

Tho'

Tho' ere life's *noon* his glass was ran,
Yet gain'd he endless fame:
While on the eve of ninety-one,
How worthles is *my* name!

Yet known for Shenstone's friend, even I
Am somewhat famous grown.
But better 'twere unknown to die,
Then be for *trfling* known.

My life's prolong'd full many a year
Beyond life's usual space;
Yet ah! in that long life, I fear,
Heaven few good deeds can trace.—

Yet while I cherish in my breast,
A love of all mankind,
I trust I may amongst the blest,
An humble mansion find.

There all in virtuous habits train'd,
Again their friends shall meet;
And find o'er death their victory gained,
Their happiness complete!

To Miss F. E-k-ll, on her Drawing of the above mentioned Urn.

Ye flaunting flowers, tho' now you bloom
In all the pride of May,
Yet soon alas! you'll meet your doom,
Soon wither and decay!

But tho' your native charms will fade,
E'er yet the year is paſt;
Sketch'd by the hand of this fair maid,
To ages you ſhall laſt.

The young Lady's Answer.

Indeed, dear Sir, I fear you praiſe,
My skill beyond its due,
And that my Sketch, by your kind lays,
With partial eyes you view.
Yet join'd with your's and Shenſtone's name,
It may to honor pass,
And live beneath their ſhelt'ring fame
Without the aid of brass.‡

Like

‡ Alluding to my intention of having it engraved on a copper plate.

Like these bright laurels ever green,
Long may your Muse remain,
And long may Clârton's sylvan scene,
Her vet'ran bard retain.

THE REPLY.

To Miss F. Ec..k....ll, Claverton House.

Think not with you, my charming friend,
In the fine arts I dare contend:
In each of which you every day,
Surprising specimens display.
When in my flimsy, uncouth lays,
Your Pencil's wond'rous skill I'd praise,
You make me bluſh by your reply,
So long in rhyming vers'd, that I
Approaching faſt to ninety-one,
By a fair nymph ſhould be out done.
In painting then you "bear the bell,"
In poetry alike excell;
And 'midſt your ornamental cares,
Music an equal trophy ſhares.
Here then the conteſt let me close,
Safe in my elbow-chair repose;
Forget my griefs and gouty pains,
And doze away life's ſhort remains.

The GOTHIC CELL at PRIOR PARK.

YON ſtately pile, which rises to our view,
A monument to worth and talents due:
Of Allen truly ſtiled, the good and great,
And splendid hospitality the seat.
Where from the tedious forms that rule a Court
Rank, beauty, faſhion, often did resort:
Where genius, taſte and science found an home‡
And thro' those woods and lawns were wont to roam;
Is now deserted—and we see no more,
Nor beauty, rank, or faſhion throng the door,
Since he is gone to whom they homage paid,
With whose transcendent virtues duly weigh'd,
Birth, rank and titles we shall surely find,
Light as the air, or chaff before the wind;
Yet beauty, taſte and science put to flight,
Still haunt this charming valley with delight,
And 'midſt those ſhades, in yonder Gothic cell,
Far from the busy world, sequeſter'd dwell*.
There they enjoy tranquility and ease,
And taſte gives beauty, greater power to please.
While science ſheds o'er night a chearful ray,
And adds freſh luſtre to the brighteſt day.

A NOTE.

Hospitality and a degree of splendor will again revive at Prior Park, under the auspices of the present worthy possessors of that superb mansion.

To

‡ Pope, Warburton, Hurd, &c.

* In the persons of two accomplished ladies.

To. Mrs. H—rne of Bevis Mount.

Look round the world what numbers will you see
(Tho' all a mystery to you and me,)
Who for some unknown end with affluence bless'd,
And ne'er like us with human woes oppress'd,
Yet void of feeling, and of sordid mind,
Their whole concern within themselves confin'd,
Who ne'er indulged on other's griefs a thought,
Nor to relieve them would beſtow a groat.
Or if by chance (to all the world's surprise)
Some generous symptoms in their bosoms rise,
You'll find (to their vile ſyſtem ever true)
To please *themselves* their object ſtill in view;
Some vanity or appetite to glut;
Some favourite dish or mercenary slut;
Nor think compassion e'er could touch their heart,
Or move them with a single mite to part,
"Yet even on such the poor muſt have their claim,"
The poor alas! they shudder at the name.
Not thus Amanda and her Pollio live,
With liberal hearts and laviſh hands they give:

Born to a splendid fortune they might vie
With those whom noble birth has placed so high,
In sumptuous ſtate to live, tho' bleſt with ſtore
Their higheſt luxury is to feed the poor.
By nought diſtinguiſh'd but by worth alone
Benevolence and virtue all their own:
Yet ſtill they wish, of no diſtinction proud,
To pass thro' life, unnoticed by the *crowd*.

To the Rev. Charles Dunster.

On his Edition of Milton's Paradise Regained†

To indigence reduced, forlorn and blind,
Tho' Milton plan'd a work to charm mankind,
To

† Besides other ingenious works, the same author published Phillip's Cyder, enriched with notes, provincial and classical, very necessary for those who read that poem.

To him, like Homer, what the fates denied,
Tho' thus the want of sight, the Muse supplied;
By envy nip'd like flowers shrunk up by frost,
The beauties of his Paradise were lost;
Thence long neglected and involv'd in night,
Till Addison first ken'd a gleam of light,
Unveil'd what lay conceal'd within the shrine;
And vulgar eyes beheld it's treasures shine;
Next, Newton's* strength tho' on a partial plan,
Pursu'd the track, which Addison began.
While Wharton (rescu'd from their long neglect,)
His smaller works with commentaries deck'd.
Dunster at length illum'd what yet remain'd,
And all its charms, now Paradise regain'd.

* Late Bishop of Bristol.

TYRANNO ——PHOBY,

or, Epidemical rage for Liberty.

The wretch who midst the Summer's sultry heats
A raging dog unfortunately meets,
If by th' envenom'd tooth a finger bleeds,
Or froth beslaver, equal rage succeeds;

Th'

Th' hydrophoby all cure from draughts defies,
With voice canine, the maniac barks and dies.
What cur accurs'd has slaver'd with his tongue,
What dog has bit, and work'd old England's
wrong.
When senates give to all our laws a force,
Our Judges upright, Justice takes its course
Each acts and thinks and speaks, secure of harm
And e'en with Treason daring presses swarm
With kings, that rule by law supremely blest,
What madness, Britons, has your mind possess'd,
What Tyranophoby has seized the age?
E'en coblers foam with patriotic rage!
Yet spite of all the mischief they have done,
These curs live, untied up, and ſtill bark on.

To Miss Cotton,

Daughter of Sir Robert Cotton.

Aurelia charms me; yet I hardly know,
What magic power it is, that charms me so,
Her person's formed with symmetry and grace;
Her features regular; and fair her face.

Yet

Yet others with indifference I view,
Who, fair Aurelia! almost equal you;
But no expression animates their charms,
Or vanity or pride, their power disarms,
While Condescension and a winning smile,
Heighten your beauties and our hearts beguile.
'Tis not your fine complexion I admire;
'Tis not your ruby lips that love inspire;
'Tis no one part then, but the lovely whole,
That's form'd to please and captivate the soul,
Your un-assuming air, is sure to gain,
What forward, pert Coquets attempt in vain.

MERCURY and the WOODMAN.

A FABLE

To John Taylor, Esq. of Bath, who presented the Author with a gold-headed Cane; on seeing him greatly concerned for the loss of a gilt-headed one, which he had used for forty years.

In days of yore, when Gods we know
Made frequent visits here below;

Hermes

To Mrs. Hedges.*

Amidst the hoary winter of my days
To vanity long dead and deaf to praise;
With gloomy cares and poignant griefs opprest,
Eeach spark of love expiring in my breast:
When thus I share the kindness of each friend,
Whose cordial smiles their social influence lend,
When Delia, wit and more than manly sense,
And female charms a genial warmth dispense,
I feel my heart with youthful ardour burn,
From sixty to sixteen again return.
Her brilliant lines the gloomy clouds disperse,
All nature feels the magic powers of verse.
A gleam of joy lights up my evening hours,
No more the sky with fancied tempeſt lowers,
My humble cell with Widcombe house may vie,
And grief and care my lonely shades defy.

The

* On some elegant lines written by her in the Chantry, or gothic summer-house at Claverton.

THE VANITY OF TITLES.

Claudio a friend to rural shades, had long,
Dwelt happily his ruſtic friends among,
Well pleas'd their ſocial converſe he'd enjoy'd,
No ſenſe of rank or wealth his thoughts employ'd,
His virtues with no common luſtre ſhone,
And every heart his condeſcenſion won.
But Claudio gains a Title, and from thence,
New friendſhips and new modes of life commenc'd
He now aſſumes more ſtate, nor condeſcends,
To viſit, ſcarce to recollect his friends.
Of meaner birth, while democrats abound,
Who the juſt rights of every rank confound,
Yet friend to order, ſtill the humble muſe
Shall Claudio's virtues praiſe, his faults excuſe.
Lord of myſelf, and from dependance free,
I boaſt a Title too, as well as he.
But lo! two Mice contending for the prey,
The Hawk deſcends, and bears them both away.
Midſt all our pride, thus death's unerring dart,
Is rais'd to ſtrike each rival to the heart.

To S. J. Pratt, Esq.

In answer to some elegant Verses of his to the Author, on his having pleaded the infirmities of Age, for not writing some Verses at Mr. Pratt's request.

Alas! dear Sir, you're very kind,
You say, tho' almost deaf and blind,
Of sight and hearing half bereft,
My mental vigour still is left.
But while you'd contradict my senses,
My *feeling* stronger light dispenses,
And 'spite of all your florid diction,
Poets, I find, *will* deal in fiction;
Yet, tho' I think your praise invention,
I thank you for your kind intention.
You tell me too, I still am *young*,
Nor are you, Sir, entirely wrong—
If *follies* are of *youth* the test,
This obvious truth *must* be confest;
In this respect, I'm still a child,
By every youthful whim beguil'd;
The lovely sex, I still admire;
But, ah! what hopes can they inspire?

Love

Love books—I ne'er can read, I fear;
Love music—which I cannot hear;
Love pictures—which I cannot see;
What greater follies can there be;
But ev'ry scruple to remove,
These dog'rel rhymes, the fact would prove.
I'm also *twice* a man, you say,
Not *twice* a child—ah! lack-a-day!
I never was, say what you can,
But little more than half a man;
And now, by age and grief worn out,
I still am *twice* a man, no doubt!
And that my faculties decay,
I feel, alas! each fleeting day;
In short, if still you will dispute;
These rhymes your argument confute;
Which 'midst the slumbers of the night,
By you solicited, I write.
I'm hastening fast to ninety-one,
And ('tis full time) my work is done,
And hourly now, I keep in view
My latter end.—Dear Sir, adieu!

R. G.

Claverton, April 2, 1804.

IO;

Or, the WHITE HEIFER at Combhay.

Great Jove, unwilling to engage
The jealous Juno's noisy rage,
Who'd spied him in a snug retreat
With the fair Io, tete a tete——
To hide his nymph he knew not how—
Transform'd her to a milk white cow.
Poor Io, ſtruck with mortal fear,
Wander'd about, unknowing where.
And thro' the world, thus doom'd to ſtray,
She found a refuge at Combhay.
And liked her quarters there ſo well
With lovely Myra chose to dwell.
(For every creature in diſtreſs
That hospitable ſeat muſt bleſs.)
'Midſt ſilver ſtreams and meadows green
Charm'd with the beauty of the ſcene,
And ſuffer'd there at will to roam,
She thinks not of returning home,
But lives ſecure in her diſguiſe,
And Juno's jealous rage defies.

THE LOVER'S VISIT,

Or, a TRIP to ELYSIUM.

Where Warwick's gothic towers the traveller
spies,
Tho' 'dimly seen,' with ancient grandeur rise,
And Honington her stately front displays,
While Stour through flowery lawns delighted
strays,
In all the bloom of youth and beauty's pride,
Thence T..ns..d comes, young Sk..p-with's
destin'd bride.
By friendship drawn to Combhay's blisful groves
Where many a Lover sweetly pensive roves,
In those bleſt groves the loves and graces sport,
There Cupid lurks, and Hymen keeps his court,
Here Tr..y listen'd to her Lover's voice
And nobly made young H..b.ry her choice.
Here Myra long domeſtic bliss enjoy'd,
In rural ease, in generous * deeds employ'd,
'Till curst ambition, ruthless war's alarms,
And duty drag'd her soldier from her arms.
Such bliss may these fond Lovers long possess,
And all that heaven can give their union bless;
And may this visit then prophetic prove,
Of nuptial happiness and constant love.

* Her charity children, &c.

ELIZA,

A NEW SONG.‡

To feel the pleasing pangs of love,
I thought myself too wise; ah
But 'twas in vain alas! I ſtrove,
Againſt the dear Eliza.

Her graceful person, winning smiles,
The luſtre of her eyes! ah!
What heart entangled in those wiles,
Can slight the sweet Eliza!

Oh! may the happy lot be mine,
To gain the lovely prize; ah!
For Britain's crown I'd not resign
The charms of sweet Eliza.

JAN. 20, 1804.

TO MY GARDENER.

Hold! hold! good Joe, your sacrilegious hand,
My taſte I find you do not underſtand.

Root

‡ By a SERIOUS young Man.

Root up that apple tree and plum,
The fruit they bear's no bigger than my thumb.
Yet fruit or flowers I count, as useless dross,
But spare my real treasure, spare my *moss*.

The WORTHY NONAGENARIAN.

Nullum Tempus Occurrit Musis.

The Muses regard
For a much eſteem'd bard
From the records of Pindus appear,
All wished to secure
That his days might endure
Each voted the term of nine years.

Tho' complete eighty-one,
Still genius flow'd on,
With humours well pleasing and chaste;
The fruit of each page,
Seem'd mellow'd by age,
Full ripen'd to gratify taste.

Nay more, quoth old Time
The arch-critic of rhyme;
His life glideth pure as his song,
I've scan'd with nice art,
Both his head and his heart,
In neither the measures are wrong.

To

To feaſt with delight,
I'll arreſt my own flight
And wait for the charms of his Lyre,
Thus nee'r can be told
That an Author grows old
Whom time doth ſtand ſtill to admire.

July 27th, 1804. J. H.

In return for some truly H—R—GTONIAN STANZAS, to a "Nonagenarian," in the Bath Herald.

If a pupil of mine,
Of the H—rington line,
(Long fam'd for genius) deſcended,
If he be not clever,
I ſurely for ever
From teaching ſhould have been ſuſpended.

But his talent for rhyme
Is augmented by time
While mine diminiſhed, alas! is,
And ſo good his ſucceſs,
That all muſt confeſs
The ſcholar the maſter ſurpaſſes.

AUGUST 3, 1804. NONAGENARIUS.

MUSA VETAT MORI.

To the Rev. R. GRAVES, and H. HAR—GT—N, Esq.

Pride of Cla'rton and Bath,
Dear to each Philomath!
But for age I would call you Par Fratrum;
Yet in verse such compeers,
Though unequal in years,
I will hail you Par Nobile Vatum!

Kings may boaſt if they will,
That for them time ſtands ſtill,
And plead Nullum Tempus, so please ye;
The church too may hope,
Thanks to good father Pope,
That no time e'er Occurrit Eccleſiæ,

But monarchs must die,
Church and ſtate "go to by,"
As too fatally proves Gallic ſtory:
Immortality's claim
Is the meed of your fame,
Such bards--Musa prohibet Mori!

Aug. 6, 1804. EXTEMPORANEUS.

To the CONDUCTOR of the BATH HERALD.

Sir,

Though I have no wit in myself, I have been "the cause of wit in other men," as Falstaff says; and though it would be brutish not to take some notice of the compliments which have been paid me, yet I am convinced they are so, to so mere a TRIFLER in the literary world. Yet I earnestly entreat those who are my real friends, not to drag me out of my "lurking hole," (as a Latitat with which I was formerly served from the court of Chancery expressed it) and bring me by a warrant from Mount Pindus, before the public, to be gibbetted IN TERROREM, to all suicides and murderers of their own reputation, by scribling as I have done.

I am, Sir, not your reader, (for alas! I cannot read) being half blind; but your constant friend,

A NONAGENARIAN.

Aug. 9th, 1804.

To

To E. HORNE, Esq.

Dignum laude virum, Musa Vetat Mori.

If I deserve praise,
Who call'd forth the lays
And H-r--gton's muse have excited;
I ſtill am more vain,
To find in what ſtrain,
An Etonian that muse has requited.

From a farm (tho' so neat)
To an elegant seat,
The Leasowes by Horne was improv'd,
And now to my fame,
He has added *his* name,
A name by the muses belov'd.

Talk not of my claim,
To immortal fame,
Tho' puff'd off by H-r-gton's muse;
Since Pindus itself,
To a poor rhyming elf,
So liberal a grant muſt refuse.

For fame is so fickle,
That, arm'd with a sickle,

Each

Each* moment will brook no delay ;
But cut off a slice,
'Till time in a trice,
With his ſcythe, ſweeps our cobwebs away.

Aug. 6, 1804. IMPROVISOTORI.

On Mr. PITT's arrival at Bath, Sept. 1802.

Safe in her port, with flying streamers gay,
As 'erst the royal ship, Britannia, lay;
Her crew on shore their loitering hours employ'd,
And what they gain'd in war, in peace enjoy'd;
Sudden a dreadful hurricane arose,
From every point the wind with fury blows,
The cables strain'd the anchors soon gave way,
By force the peaceful veſſel's driven to ſea:
On billows mountain high, ſhe now is toſt:
Now in the horrid gulph to sight is loſt.

Then all aghaſt, they pump, they pray, they swear,
Each heart of oak now sickens with despair,
All

* See Young's Night Thoughts, p. 7, last edition.

All but their Pilot Pitt,—he undismay'd,
Fixed at the helm with coolness gives his aid,
The tottering vessel skill consummate guides,
Which o'er the ſtorm at length triumphant rides:
Pursues her course, till now the joyful crew,
Of welcome land, the pleasing prospect view.

The ship secured, from danger he retires;
Attentive to the care his health requires;
Resigns a while, to others the command,
To steer the bold, Britannia safe to land.
And 'midts his country's well deserv'd applause,
To Bath's salubrious springs himself withdraws.
And may those Springs, the son that aid afford,
Which have so 'oft the †Father's health reſtor'd.

The TRIFLING OECONOMIST.

A Character.

Bleſt with a lovely, loving wife,
His partner in the voyage of life;

† The great Lord Chatham

How happy is our worthy friend!
Who, by his means obtains the End,
Which all mankind so oft in vain,
By endless toils attempt to gain!
With her of bliss an equal share,
His all the joy, and her's the care!
With trifles pleas'd of her possess'd,
His fancy furnishes the reſt;
While he is ranging round the fields,
In queſt of sports the country yields,
Or with the Rector, learn'd and sober,
He smokes his pipe, or drinks October;
(For Squires and Rectors now muſt dine,
How hard their lot! without †Port wine;)
Economy's her sole delight,
Of this she talks from morn to night.
Yet all her economic labours,
Are, only to eclipse her neighbours,
And gratify her ruling passion,
To shine the polar ſtar of fashion.

Tho' all the morning in the kitchen,
At dinner she appears bewitching:
And at her sumptuous board when seated,
With condescending smiles we're treated.
And deck'd with muslin, lawns and lace,
Who but admires that charming face?

As

† On account of the enormous tax.

As for the lux'ry of her table,
To paint the scene what hand is able!
But from that luxury, no doubt
Proceeds her spouse's frequent gout;

Yet, some suspect the men of trade,
Muſt wait awhile before they're paid,
The baker grumbles, and the butcher
Swears horribly: but fears to touch her,
For tho' so lovely, fair and young,
He'd find the Lady has a tongue:
Besides; he knows at length the squire
Will pay his bill, tho' mounted higher.
The Milliner, in terms more lenient,
Juſt hints, "when perfectly convenient."
But after setting of the Sun;
The Lady's task is not yet done,
And as the Winter nights are long,
She firſt delights us with a song.

Nor yet with Economics cloy'd,
Her night's in housewifery employ'd,
The Ant's gone into winter quarters,
She ſtill is busy—knitting garters,
Or netting, which is much the same,
Tho' honour'd with a finer name,
To veil the beauties of her bosom,
Tho' to the prying eyes it shews 'em;

Or knotting fringe to deck her train,
For she from head to foot is vain.
Thus tho' her toils are not much painful,
They're rather elegant than gainful,
And these at night, like all the reſt,
In four short words may be express'd;
Words, all the self same thing denoting,
In knitting, netting, knotting, nothing.

Yet with his fancied bliss content,
May not our worthy friend repent,
The Confidence so rashly placed,
In Vanity with beauty graced.

That the emperor of the French had friends in England, as long as he preserved the peace of Amiens, in some measure appears from the following Cantata: intended to be set to music for the Harmonic Society at Bath:

" Pax Europæ redita, sub auspiciis,
" Napoleoni Buonaparte; primario
" Gallorum Consule, apud urbem
" Amiens, 1801."

Propinatio.

Anglice,

A toaſt.

" Consul Primus" Buonaparte,
Minor tantum ipso Marte,

Luctuosa

Luctuosa martis arte ;
Vivat! valeat! Buonaparte!
Cujus caſtra et Victoria,
Usque sequitur et Gloria,
Et quem celebret Hiſtoria !
Vivat, valeat Buonaparte !
At si magnus sis bellator,
Major es pacificator,
Et maximus cum Dei aras,
Cultumque inſtaurare paras,
Vivat! valeat, Buonaparte !
Cedat magnus Jovis Filius,
Cedat æque magnus Julius,
Qui nesciebant, quando poni,
Finem decuit ambitioni,
Vivat! valeat! Buonaparte.
Modo pacem firmam servet,
Qua nunc omne cor tam fervet
Et tot Ratam faciunt Chartæ,
Vivat! valeat! Buonaparte!
Minor tantum ipso marte,
Luctuosa martis arte.
Cantetur hoc in omni parte,
Quâ Musica‡ triumphat arte
Qua voces vinclis rite sartæ,
Vivat! valeat! Buonaparte!

Autore Ricardo, Baron de Crosscombe comit. Somt.

‡ The Harmonic Society at Bath, was partly intended for the Ladies.

On the SUMMER SOLSTICE.

June 21, 1804.

Fresh from the genisl lap of earth,
  Behold yon Lilly rise!
Its buds how tender at its birth
  'Till foſter'd by the skies.

By vernal breezes gently fan'd,
  It sips the morning dew;
And, wider as its leaves expand,
  Th' ascending ſtalk we view.

The silken blossoms next appear,
  Which scarce the ſtem supports;
Its matchless charms then crown the year,
  And mock the pride of courts*.

But ah! how short is Beauty's reign!
  Tho' blooming thus to day;
To-morrow sees it in its wane,
  Droop, wither and decay.

Thus in his annual course, the Sun,
  From Spring to Summer's height
Rejoices ſtill each ſtage to run,
  In all his splendor bright!

But,

* Vide St. Matt.

But, like the luſtre of the flower,
(So ſwift the months go round!)
The Solſtice hardly keeps an hour,
Its ſtationary ground.

'Tho Autumn for a while may cheer,
Soon Winter takes its room,
And spreads o'er all our hemisphere
An universal gloom.

Such is the life of man alas,
Fresh Toys employ each ſtage;
From infancy to youth we pass,
From manhood to old age.

We like the Lilly, fresh and gay,
Spring up at early dawn,
But fly before the sun's bright ray,
Like miſts that skim the lawn.

Charm'd with each shifting scene we view
Or raviſh'd with a song;
Still pleas'd with something ſtrange or new
Life gently glides along.

But tired to find each joy so faſt,
Thus vanish from our sight;
The curtain drops, and then at last,
All's wrapt in endless night!

MOTTO

MOTTO on the Great Dial at All-Soul's College, Oxford.

"Pereunt & imputantur."

Your hours you squander to a vaſt amount,
When every moment's placed to your account.

Motto on my own Dial.

"Eheu! fugaces!

How rapidly alas! the moment's fly!
How swift are they, my friend, how slow am I.
But mark the fleeting shadow and be wise,
And seize each precious moment as it flies.

RESIGNATION.

—— Spes & fortuna valete!

'Midst grief and joy, in sickness and in health,
Nor rich nor poor; nor plagued with want, or wealth,
My conduct, sometimes right and often wrong;
Now prais'd, now blam'd, my years have roll'd along;

And

And having lived near ninety years complete,
From life's more busy cares, I would retreat:
But ah! in vain, ſtill business will intrude,
Nor can the thickeſt ſhades wan care exclude.
Escaped the ſtorms of ocean, yet, heaven knows,
Domeſtic griefs my calm ſtill discompose.
In circling eddies, toils on toils succeed,
Such is the lot of man, by fate decreed.
Farewell! then hope and joy, and scenes of pleasure,
Grant me but ease, I ask no other treasure.
My future prospect, gloomy as the paſt;
All hail! the day, that's deſtined for my laſt.

Sept. 8, 1804.

THE ROUT,

OR

A SKETCH OF MODERN MANNERS,

FROM

AN ACADEMIC IN THE METROPOLIS,

TO

AN OLD FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

A NEW EDITION,

Corrected by the Author,

WITH A FEW ADDITIONS.

O! imitatores, servum pecus! ut mihi sæpe,
Bilem, sæpe jocum, vestri movere TUMULTUS. HOR.

Vain fashion's slaves! how oft your ROUTS have been,
The objects of my mirth and of my spleen.

PREFACE

TO THE

NEW EDITION of the ROUT.

A dignitary of the church, with whom I was sometimes in company a few years since, having from his youth been more conversant in books, than in field sports, yet mentioned a mornings diversion which he took when at Cambridge with his gun. His utmost ambition was, only to shoot sparrows, at a Farm near the town.

On his approach to the scene of action however, his Ambition, like that of some modern heroes, was infinitely augmented, by the sight of a flight of pigeons, which were plundering a field of new sown corn; and he now began to consider, which of his friends would be most gratified, with half a dozen of those delicate young birds; and the senior fellow, he knew, was the greatest Epicure. But on his nearer approach, Compassion for those harmless animals, (who were only eating when they were hungry) took place in his breast, and he made a pause. At length however, a love of justice prevailed; he pulled the fatal trigger, when away flew the whole flock, not a single shot having taken effect.

In like manner as I pique myself on my humanity, I must own, that when I wrote this 'Sketch of Modern Manners', fifteen years ago, I felt some compunction for the injury, the shafts of my ridicule might do to the vain

 trifling

traders on these occasions, whose whole subsistence probably might depend on the traffic and commerce carried on by them at these assemblies.

I am happy to find, however, that the trade still subsists in its full vigour, under the auspices of Lady .... Mrs. G——, &c. &c.—and is only checked in one instance, by the officious intrusion of the Bishop of D—, who by his influence in the House of Lords, has cruelly deprived the proprietors of the privilege allowed to every paltry fishmonger of exercising his trade on what they very improperly call the 'Sabbath,' which every true Israelite knows to have been on the Saturday, when people had nothing else to do, but to clean or purify their houses.

N. B. The following ironical Dedication, having been mistaken by some ladies of the author's acquaintance as a serious compliment to some individual—although those ladies deserve more than it is in his power to describe, yet that Dedication was only intended to ridicule some self-exulting christians, who 'flatter themselves,' for want of other flatterers, that they are never in the wrong.

TO THE

MOST ACCOMPLISHED WOMAN IN GREAT BRITAIN.

MADAM,

THOUGH, from motives of delicacy, I have forborn to publiſh your name, yet, the moment you read this addreſs, you will be at no loss to apply it, as intended. For you are conſcious, Madam, there is no Woman in the world; but your ſelf, to whom the title is ſo juſtly due. In you alone every, charm, every virtue, and every accomplishment is centered. You alone are free from the foibles of our sex: and you alone MAY say; as you do say on every occaſion, I would not have acted thus; I know not how other people can answer it to their conſcience, for my part, I would not have been guilty of ſo mean a conduct; I ſcorn to publiſh the faults of my acquaintance; I never envy the ſucceſs of a rival; I never fret at cards; I ——In ſhort Madam, as you are the little Heroine of common life, exempted from every weakneſs, and bleſſed with every perfection, that a woman is capable of; you muſt conſequently be the moſt accompliſhed woman in Great Britain. To you therefore the following Sketch is with great propriety inſcribed; by,

Madam, your moſt devoted,
humble Servant,
THE AUTHOR.

THE ROUT, &c.

CANTO I.

Town and Country;—Definition of a Rout;—Pleasures of Anticipation;—Approach to the Scene of Action;—First Music.

WHILE you, retir'd from sprightly joy,
The "*creeping hours* of *Time*‡" employ,
In solitude and rural ease,
And doing—only what you please:
In Summer! rambling o'er your fields,
Where Health her charms, uncourted, yields
And, through the meads, from circling hills,
The Naiads pour their murmering rills:

‡ Shakespeare.

Except that all alike distress'd,
Beneath Life's ponderous weight oppress'd;
Like troubled Ghosts, escap'd from home,
That place of torment! hither roam,
With rueful faces, cram'd together,
And hardly known what brought them thither;
Till the good Lady of the Meeting,
Each guest with *sweet complacence* greeting,
And welcoming in terms most hearty,
Begs they'd sit down, and choose their party:
Yet, gives them hints, with smiles still gracious,
That, if of money too tenacious,
They cannot, or they will not, *play*;
She'd rather they had kept away:
For, though invited here as friends,
In *gambling* modern friendship ends,—

But, while I thus suppose them met,
My Tale's *commencement* I forget:

Yet

Yet * Critics tell us, Tales like these,
Begin or end just where you please.

First then, to fix th' important night,
Five hundred Cards her Man must write;
For many a day must pass between
The present and that solemn scene;
Lest Pleasure should thrust Pleasure out,
And half depopulate the Rout.
For, should some other Meeting thwart
Her Ladyship's—'twould break her heart;
Since she alone can justly boast
In Cards and Crowds—" † *to rule the roast.*"

But lo! th' expected eve arrives,
When mothers, daughters, maids, and wives,
Impatient for the coming joy,
Each moment of the day employ;
Renouncing

* Aristotle, &c. In medias res, &c. HOR.

† A metaphorical expression—for, Her Ladyship gives neither *roast* nor *boil'd*.——SCRIBLERUS.

Renouncing food and rest and ease:
So much the Toilet's labours please.
No nuptial day gives greater bliss
To longing, blushing brides than this.

'Madam! the dinner waits this hour."—
'Monsieur! ſtick in—another flower.'—
'Madam! the dinner will be cold;
'My Master's scolding!'—'Let him scold.'
'Monsieur! this does not do quite well.'—
'Ah! Matam voila c'eſt très belle!'—
'I think this blue suits my complexion.'—
'O! Matam vous êtes toute perfection.'
When Fancy thus some project warms,
The very preparation charms;
Let servants mutter, children squall,
Or husbands swear; she's deaf to all,
But Dress, alone, and Pleasure's call.

And now the busy hour approaches;
Hark! to the chariots, chairs, and coaches:
Noisy; as when five draymen meet,
And swear and bawl, in Watling-Street.

Drawn

Drawn up, there's scarce a foot to spare,
From Portland-Place to Portman-Square.
No Passenger could pass, that night,
But for the Flambeau's friendly light;
By which, some loop-hole *may* be seen,
For busy folks to thrust between.

But, woe betide those hapless wretches
Whom Gout or Stone on *Sopha* stretches;
If Heaven have doom'd them to that street,
Where these nocturnal Furies meet:
When, (for such tender nerves how shocking!)
Ev'n Highgate echoes to their knocking.
Each liveried rascal seems the proudest,
Contending, who shall knock the loudest.
Not thundering Jove can mortals fright
More than the thundering of that Night.

From every quarter of the town,
Lo! each spruce Cargo now set down!

Yet

Yet one hour more must be completed,
Before the throng's all fairly seated;
While Curt'sies drop, and fans are flutter'd,
And secrets whisper'd; scandal utter'd.
But these due ceremonials ended;
More serious things may be attended.

CANTO II.

——Dependent lychni laquearibus aureis
Incensi : et noctem flammis funalia vincunt.

VIRG. ÆN. I.

From gilded roofs, suspending lamps display,
Nocturnal beams, that emulate the day. DRYDEN.

CANTO II.

Curtain drawn up;—The Stage filled;—Goddesses on Mount Olympus;—Short moral Tale.

AND now the awful Rites begin;
Suppose yourself, for once, *let in*;
Though the whole Farce yo'ur far from liking,
The *Coup d' oeil*, you'll own, is striking.
What splendid groups display'd, appear
Beneath the brilliant Chandelier!

Unnumber'd tapers here unite,
T'clipse the Sun's meridian light;
Their blaze exhibits to our view
A dazzling Scene of various hue;
Whose bright enamel decks the room,
Like gay Parterres in vernal bloom.

But how can lifeless objects please?
Their silver Urns; their gilt Settees?
The damask Curtain's cumbrous fold:
Or lofty Mirrors, shrin'd in gold?
Where *female* beauty claims a part?
The work of Nature, not of Art?
Yet Art *may* Nature's charms improve—
(See Ovid—in his Art of Love.)
The scenes which ancient Poets drew,
Though feign'd by them, yet here are true.
Th' Assemblies on Olympus' height,
In female charms were not more bright.
Though Juno, Pallas, and the Graces
With Venus' self, there shew'd their faces.

Ambrosial Odours scent the Air;
And Youth *immortal* deck's the Fair:
Alike, each Nymph we here adore,
From *fair* fifteen to *gay* fourscore;
For Age and Wrinkles are no more.

But see! the * Genius of the place,
(With humble deference to her Grace)
Unfurls the Cards; and gives the law;
Alert, th' impatient Parties draw:
As a fresh gale excites the Ocean,
The waving throng is now in motion;
With noise confus'd like that of Babel,
Each settles to the allotted table.

Twice fifteen Tables grace the room,
Which wait from Fortune's nod their doom.
Some careless *seem*—yet all, intent,
Pursue the game for which they went,

* Genius Loci.

One only marks what Card is play'd—
One fondly eyes some favorite Maid.
All act with skill their several parts,
Some diamonds hope to win—some *hearts*,
Yet gambling, sure, must friendly prove
To every Passion more than Love.

* [redacted] malice springs from competition,
How blest must then be their condition,
Where all a rival interest ply!
Each striving for the Victory!
What various Passions rule by turns;
Now Joy exults, now Fury burns.
These Scenes, where Goddesses assemble,
Too oft' th' infernal Shades resemble;
And those, whom Heav'n had form'd to charm us,
Against their own Artillery arm us.

Can

* Shaftsbury.

Can Avarice taint the youthful Mind,
Within yon lovely Case enshrind?
Why, else, does angers rising storm
Miranda's heavenly face deform?
Where are the Love's and Graces flown,
Which she, so long, has call'd her own?

Caress'd in every public place,
Miranda shew'd her charming face.
She had not only sense, but wit;
Yet ne'er was rude in shewing it.
Her temper—all men *said*, was such,
She could not be admir'd too much,
She laugh'd; she sung; was wondrous chatty;
And quite eclips'd her sister Patty.

Yet Patty was, by no means, plain;
Had charms enough to make her vain.
But, unassuming, void of art,
She always play'd an *under* part,

Her

Her own pretensions still withdrew ;
And thought *all* praise her Sister's due.

Regardless of the public voice,
'Twas here Sophronius made his Choice ;
The Grandison of real life,
Sophronius wish'd to take a wife.
Where-e'er he chose to make a trial,
He scarce could meet with a denial.
Though not to female *beauty* blind,
His first, great Object was the *Mind*.
With fortune he could well dispense,
For prudence, temper, * *taste*, and sense,

That night, it was ordain'd by Fate,
These Sisters at *one* Table sate;
Their interest and their views the same,
For both were partners in the game.

By

* As implying Sensibility, &c.

By chance, poor Patty, off her guard,
Play'd an unlucky, ill-judg'd Card:
She had ſtudied Hoyle, and was no dunce;
But Hoyle himself might err, for once.
Those, whom *abroad* fair Fame attends,
Are often tyrants to their friends.
Miranda, that *ſweet, lovely* Maid!
Her real temper now betray'd;
Diſcretion taken by ſurprise,
She ſhew'd herself without diſguiſe.
Her ſparkling eyes ſhot vengeful fire,
With ſuch tremendous marks of ire:
Such angry, ſpiteful words ſhe utter'd,
Poor Patty's ſpirits were quite flutter'd.
The ſtarting tear half fill'd her eye;
And, though the Nymph made no reply,
Yet the ſweet bluſh, that ting'd her cheek,
Told what ſhe felt, but fear'd to ſpeak.

Our ſufferings oft our worth diſcloſe;
The injur'd Patty brighter roſe:

And she who almost sate neglected,
Was now deservedly respected.

Sophronius, though with different views,
Thought fit, that night, his stand to chuse
Near Patty's chair, secure of harms,
To contemplate Miranda's charms.
But ah! *her* Angel's face was chang'd;
And every feature now derang'd.
Miranda was no more the same;
But Patty's griefs his *Pity* claim!
And Pity never fails to prove
The faithful harbinger of Love.
He fix'd his choice—the Nymph complied,
And Patty soon became a Bride.

CANTO III.

Non equidem invideo, miror magis undique totis
Usque adeo turbatur. VIRG. Ec. I.

CANTO III.

Conversazzioni;—Vulgar Ideas;—Remedy against Hunger;—Wise Reflections;—Conclusion.

BUT, when such well-dress't Circles meet,
Of sense refin'd; polite; discreet;
You want to know the Conversation.—
Why; all the business of the Nation—
Plays, Operas, Politics, and News:
Th' Adventures of the Turf—and Stews;
Intrigues, Divorces, Pitt, and Fox;
When Humphreys and Mendoza box;
New Novels—and the price of Stocks.

O Well;

" Well ; have you seen the last new Play ?
Not I ; 'tis but so so, they say—
Why ; Cumberland writes nothing bad—
What ſhocking weather we have had !

" What's this affair about poor Kemble ?
Heavens ! feel my pulse—see, how I tremble !
Here comes the handsome Captain Strut—
Pray, who's that young affected Slut ?
Handsome d'ye call her ? oh ! a fright—
Does not your Lordship bett to-night ?
You at the Ball ! and did not dance !
What say the notables of France ?
Hark-ye, my Lord [*Whispers*] —'Twas very,
" near it—
Her maid was brib'd—Did you not hear it ?
Why, yes ; I think I had a hint :
But thought th' affair had nothing in't—
Well, Colonel, there's been bloody work,
Between the Russian and the Turk—
How well the Dutchess looks, to-night ?
Yes *pretty* well—by candle-light."

Such

Such is the incoherent chat,
When people prate, they care not what—
They come to see and to be seen;
But, why then talk, and nothing mean:
Ask questions, but expect no answer?—
Fly from such *boring*, if you can, Sir.—

Perhaps, you country folks may think
The Company should eat and drink;—
I mean, good wholesome, Christian food—
Some ham and fowl would do one good;
That tea and coffee and wax-tapers
Will only give a man the vapours;
And, that these high-life, midnight frolics,
Produce rheumatic gouts and cholics.

But ask, my friend, your little boy;
He'll tell you, at the siege of Troy,
When beef and mutton ran but short,
Their Chiefs invented § some such sport,

§ Dice; said to be invented by Palamedes, during the ten years siege.

To keep their heroes, (he will tell ye)
From always thinking on their belly;
Yet, when call'd forth, by day or night,
Those heroes ne'er refus'd to fight.
How vulgar, then, to think of eating
At such a brilliant, *joyous* Meeting!
Where the gay Scene the Fancy warms,
Where Wit amuses, Beauty charms!
If you can't like this meagre plan,
Retire; give place § to those that can.

But for the Lady of the Show,
Pray what said she?—you wish to know.
Why, faith, I *saw* her—at a distance;
But hoops and hips made *such* resistance,
I could not thrust between the ranks,
To give her Ladyship my thanks
For all the *ravishing* delight
Her Crowd afforded me that night.

But

§ Vivere si rectè nescis—discede peritis. HOR.

But don't these Routs bring vaſt expence
On those that give them?—Why, they've sense,
And oft, *'tis said*, will find a way
To make these Crouds th' expence defray.
How this is brought about, 'tis true
It matters not, to me or you.
Each languid group at length departs,
With aching heads and aching hearts:
For whether they have won or loſt,
Each feels th' exertion to his cost;
Who these tumultuous vigils keep,
May doze perhaps, not soundly sleep;
When Passions whether grief or joy,
With too much force the Nerves employ;
They must, when once the fit is past,
To pain or langour sink at last.
In vain they hope for balmy rest,
With joy elate, or grief oppress'd—
Hence Youth and Beauty soon are gone;
And wrinkled Age comes swiftly on.
Our stock of bliss will soon be spent,
And nothing left—but to repent.

Such are the pleasures of a Rout,
Which you think dull enough, no doubt;
But Fashion sanctifies, we find,
What irksome seems to half mankind.
And, what you vulgar souls deride,
In *high-life* is a source of pride;
Who deem such *penance* meritorious,
Such solemn, senseless trifling glorious.

Nay, Things there are, in human shapes,
Whom some call Men, but you'd call Apes;
Who, not content t' escape a roasting,
Are always of these follies boasting;
And us Philosophers despise
For scorning these vile fopperies.

Though, then, your Mind you'll not prepare
These elegant delights to share;
Though with indifference you peruse
These hasty sketches of the Muse;

Deem

Deem high and low life much the same,
And differing only in their name;
Yet come to Town; we'll walk the street,
And laugh at every fool we meet,
Who seems inspir'd with emulation
To quit the social, middling station,
(Good-sense and Virtues lov'd retreat,)
To haunt the Circles of the Great.
For sure I am, more bliss is center'd,
Where pride and peageantry ne'er enter'd,
Amongst those unambitious mortals,
Who ne'er approach those stately portals,
Than where vain Fashion's slaves are found,
And Folly, Crowds, and Cards abound.
In this I'm sure, I think with you
And every Man of Sense.——Adieu!

Feb. 14, 1789.

POST-

POSTCRIPT.

NOTWITHSTANDING what may be said, in a declamatory ſtyle, in this and other performances of the same kind, the Author is not so ignorant of the world, as not to know, even from his own experience, that there are in the higher ranks of life, persons of both sexes, of *superior* understanding, knowledge, and abilities, as might indeed be expected, from the *superior* advantages which they usually enjoy, in their Education; and in being early introduced to and daily conversant with the politeſt and moſt enlightened part of mankind.

We

We muſt not form our ideas of people merely from their mixing ſometimes in thoſe frivolous aſſemblies; or from the ſuperficial garrulity which muſt neceſſarily prevail on thoſe occaſions. People in the higheſt ſtations, or of the deepeſt knowledge, muſt have their *ſmall-talk* for places of public reſort. Though a man has gold lock'd up in his cheſt; he muſt have ſilver and even brass in his pocket for common use. He that expects a great Statesman, or even an eminent Author, to ſpout apophthegms or *bonsmots* in mix'd companies, will probably be diſappointed.

There is however, and probably always will be, a large Party of the *Great Vulgar*, as well as the ſmall: unhappy Beings! who, led captive by Faſhion, or fantaſtic Cuſtom, into habits at war with good ſenſe and good taſte (and at firſt, perhaps, contrary to their own inclinations) are perpetually engaged in the Scenes here intended to be described: which are only one portion of that endleſs circle of hurry and

diſſipation

dissipation, by which, from morning to night*, people of both sexes of all ages, in the higher walks of life, are drawn away from the duties and enjoyments of domeſtic life. People of this deſcription, from the late hours which they muſt keep, not only injure their own health; but their examples, and the opportunities which they afford to their numerous attendants, of drinking, gaming, and every species of debauchery, corrupt their morals, and initiate them in the myſteries of Iniquity; and may be conſidered as a principal cause of that profligacy and wickedneſs, which so evidently abounds in the metropolis; which no penal laws can check, and no religious inſtitutions reform, unless people of diſtinction would concur in ſtemming the tide; by setting a better example; by a more regular plan of life; by attention to the moral conduct of their domeſtics, and by an *appearance* at leaſt of some regard to the duties of Religion.

But

* Morning Visits—Auctions—Masquerades, and even *Concerts* and *Plays*—when not frequented as rational amuſements, but merely as ſcenes of diſſipation.

But the baneful effects of "the MANNERS of the GREAT" on their inferiors, have been sufficiently delineated in an excellent Treatise* on the subject; which those who read for amusement only, will read with pleasure at least; and, one would hope, with improvement.

* By Mrs. Hanah More.

THE

THE FARMER's SON;

THE

FARMER'S SON;

A MORAL TALE.

Inscribed to

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

" Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem
" Quod te imitari aveo. Quid enim contendat hirundo
" Cygnis ?" Lucret. lib. iii.

I IMITATE, not EMULATE, my friend:
Nor dares the swallow with the swan contend.

TO

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

Madam,

AS the public are indebted to you for Mr. Anſtey's elegant tale of THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER, *you are likewise accountable for this very humble imitation of it,* THE FARMER'S SON.

The aſtoniſhing ſucceſs of your philanthropic inſtitution, for counteracting the poiſon ſo long diſſimminated amongſt the lower orders of people by licentious ballads and immoral tales, ſhews the propriety of the patronage it has received from ſome of the beſt and moſt reſpectable characters in the kingdom.

The only danger is, leſt your own excellent compoſitions for that purpoſe ſhould produce ſuch numbers of imitations of infinitely leſs merit (amongſt which I fear this is one) that the people, cloyed with the celeſtial food ſo copiously ſupplied, ſhould again long for their groſs love ſongs and abſurd legends, to which they have been ſo long accuſtomed.

I beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf,

With great eſteem,

Madam,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

RICHD. GRAVES.

THE

FARMER's SON.

A MORAL TALE.

DEEP in a vale, where Cotswold's heights
Salute the rising day;
And where, through fertile meads to Bath
The Avon winds his way.

There lately dwelt a virtuous pair,
A FARMER and his Wife;
Who, 'midst their flocks and lowing herds,
Enjoy'd a happy life.

Though

Though small their farm, they paid their rent;
Nor sought to hoard up wealth;
Though plain their food, they long had lived,
In cheerfulness and health.

No anxious cares, or sleepless nights,
Their peaceful minds tormented;
Two hopeful sons, now growing up
Their happiness augmented.

The elder, FRANK, a sturdy lad,
His father's greatest pride;
He plough'd or sow'd, or reap'd or mow'd.
Still cheerful by his side.

The younger, TOM, his mother still
About the house employ'd;
Who, like some heirs of higher rank,
Her PARTIAL love enjoy'd.

A London lady, then at Bath,
Her airing took that way,
Who chanc'd this favourite son to spy-
At work?—No, 'twas at play.

Struck

Struck with his looks, his active limbs,
His open, manly grace,
She stopp'd, and nearer view'd, well-pleas'd
His ruddy, modest face.

Of late her footman, saucy grown,
Had justly been discarded;
And, sure, this modest youth, she thought,
Deserv'd to be rewarded.

The mother, flatter'd by her praises,
(Though loth to lose her son)
And by the wages tempted, soon
Her full consent was won.

Yet not without an aching heart,
Though deck'd in livery gay,
From parents and from home to part,
Could TOM be sent away!

Nor yet without the sage advice
Of father and of mother,
Who, anxious, bandy'd o'er and o'er
The same from one to t'other:

"TOM!

" TOM! keep your church, and say your pray-
" And mind what Madam says, [ers,
" Nor listen to those idle lads
" Who follow wicked ways.

" But, TOM! be sure BAD WOMEN shun,
" The source of every evil;
" Who'll ruin you both soul and body,
" And bring you to the D.v.l!"

Th' advice was good. But scarce fifteen,
Tom's thoughts on travelling bent,
He listen'd not, and hardly knew
What these BAD WOMEN meant.

Yet got to town, 'midst strangers all,
Tom wish'd himself at home;
To milk the cows, or tend the sheep,
And o'er the fields to roam.

A letter now was weekly sent,
TOM's spelling and inditing,
" Hoping all friends were well, as he
" Was at this present writing."

But soon his letters grew more rare ;
For morning, noon, and night,
TOM still was busy—could not spare
" A moments time to write."

Indeed his Lady kept late hours,
And while her servants waited,
How they employ'd the tedious time
Need not be here related.

The coachman knew each haunt of vice,
Long trammell'd in her fetters ;
For servants eat and drink, and want
Amusement—like their betters.

He long had tried in her vile troop
Poor TOM to have enlisted ;
Who, still too modest, every snare
Had hitherto resisted.

One fatal night, while at his stand,
He saw a nymph approach ;
Who modestly enquir'd, if this
Were Lady Riot's coach ?

The coachman understood the call,
And from his box came down;
He welcom'd her, and shew'd much joy
To see her safe in town.

"Hop'd all their friends at Bath were well;
"D'y' know this young man's face?
"You must have seen him sure, for Bath's
"Almost his native place."

The plot was laid; all three retired
To drink at the next pot-house—
Of every vice and wicked deed
The seed-bed and the hot-house.

The nymph was handsome and genteel,
Not fine, but neatly dress'd;
"Had seen TOM's mother," and for him
No slight regard express'd.

By nature and by practice taught,
The damsel play'd her part,
And by caresses soon seduc'd
His unexperienc'd heart.

The coachman left them now alone,
His horses to attend;
And TOM felt happy to have found
(He thought) a country friend.

She, finding that the fish was hook'd,
And with the bait delighted,
Told him "her AUNT liv'd near the place,"
And thither TOM invited.

To him the sweets of love were new;
And quite entranc'd with pleasure,
For this perfidious, lovely maid
His fondness knew no measure.

He dream't not, that the harlot FEIGN'D
The ardent love she bore him;
Or that her charms had rifled been
By numbers long before him.

Or when he thought the slut for him
Reserv'd the fond embrace,
His friend the coachman oft usurp'd
The foolish keepers place.

But many are the fancy'd wants
Of luxery and pride;
All these, with necessaries too,
By him must be supplied.

And now a common accident,
The hapless youth befel,
The nymph grew sick;—the cause of which,
Though griev'd, TOM could not tell.

Most husbands know what whims possess
A mate in her condition,
To humour which TOM's chattles all
Were "put in REQUISITION."

Thus fascinated by this jilt,
His lady's work neglected;
More sedulous was he to know
What his fair lass expected.

Of course dismissed, his wages paid,
But with his lady's frown,
Poor TOM without a character,
Was left upon the town.

His twelvemonths wages soon were spent,
His watch, and all his raiment;
His landlord too, for two months rent,
Demanded instant payment.

And now, alas! the mist dispell'd,
So long before his eyes;
He clearly saw the treacherous jilt
Through all her deep disguise.

For when no longer means he found
To decorate her charms,
Or feast her luxery, with scorn
She thrust him from her arms.

Yet, 'spite of all the slut could do,
And treated thus so ill,
He frantic rav'd and call'd her base;
He curs'd and lov'd her still.

Now what recource, but beg or steal,
Or join the desperate crew,
who liv'd by plunder on the town.
whose haunts he too well knew!

For, soften'd by a life of ease,
And pleasures he'd enjoy'd,
Poor TOM now scarce knew how to work,
Or where to be employ'd.

Ah! hapless youth! why not return
To Avon's peaceful bourn,
Pour balm into your parent's breast
Who still your absence mourn?

Why not return, as prodigals
More desperate have done?
A parent's arms are still stretch'd out
To raise a suppliant son.

But fear and shame, though found too weak
To check when going wrong,
Yet, when he should have acted right,
Were now, alas! too long.

And ah! against the force of love
He struggled yet in vain!
Though base the object, pleas'd he dragg'd
The ignominious chain.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile sad rumours long had reach'd
His wretched parent's ears,
Who silently his absence mourn'd
With mutual sighs and tears.

But ah! his mother, chief of all
This family of woe,
'Was most distress'd, and now resolv'd
The real truth to know.

A neighbour's daughter at an inn
Was then a servant-maid,
Who got dame Goodman up to town
On easy terms convey'd:

For she herself had once conceiv'd
A passion for the youth,
And own'd, from curiosity,
She long'd to know the truth.

When now to Knightsbridge they were come,
Fast by the fam'd Hide-park,
The lamps as bright as noon day shone,
Altho' the night was dark.

As slowly still they drag along
And near the town approach,
Deep silence mids't the trav'llers reign'd,
Though women fill'd the coach:

When hark! a hawker chanc'd to cry
The histories of the day,
What dread the wretched mother seiz'd
When thus she heard him say:

"Here's THOMAS GOODMAN'S dying speech,
"A FARMER'S SON was he,
"Who suffer'd with the house-breakers
This day at Tyburn-tree!"

"Good heav'ns"! the poor dame GOODMAN cried,
And drop'd down from the seat;
And pale as death she lifeless lay
At her companions feet.

The name the trav'lers ne'er had heard,
But wonder'd at the cause,
Till nearer to its destin'd inn
The loaded carriage draws.

With

With kind concern (before inform'd)
Some friends were waiting there,
Lest this fond mother, unprepar'd
The fatal news should hear.

But oh! what pangs of poignant grief,
When weeping they relate,
The ruin of this hopeful youth,
And his disastrous fate!

The afflicted mother now bewail'd
Her fondness misapplied;
She sicken'd,—Languish'd for a while,
And broken-hearted died.

Let parents to their offspring then
No partial fondness show,
For often to the favourite child
They work the greatest woe.

Or let the hapless child for whom
They feel less ardent love,
A double share of their regard
And kind attention prove;

Yet must not all the faults be laid
On this poor harmless dame;
The MANNERS* of the higher ranks
Must more than share the blame.

While they frequent the midnight rout,
The opera, or play,
How oft such untaught youths are drawn
From virtue's paths astray.

Ye, then, that vicious servants blame,
Should seriously reflect,
How oft those vices, learnt from you
Pevail through your neglect:

And when, by your example led,
Bad habits they have gain'd,
Complain not, if at your expence
Those habits are maintain'd.

Let

* See "Manners of the Great," ascribed to Mrs. Hannah More.

Let then your lives, ye thoughtless great,
With virtues splendor shine,
And soon the MORALS of the age
Such MODELS will refine.

And some* there are of highest rank,
Nor yet to me unknown,
Whose virtues, stirpp'd of titles, shine
With lustre all their own.

PROST-

* Duchess of Somerset, Countess of Chatham, Lady Jane James, Mrs. Montague, &c. &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

Though the Author of this Sketch. had a particular fact in view; yet similar instances, he fears, are so common, as to render the subject somewhat trite. This, however, adds importance to the moral, and more forcibly solicits the attention, of persons in such a situation.

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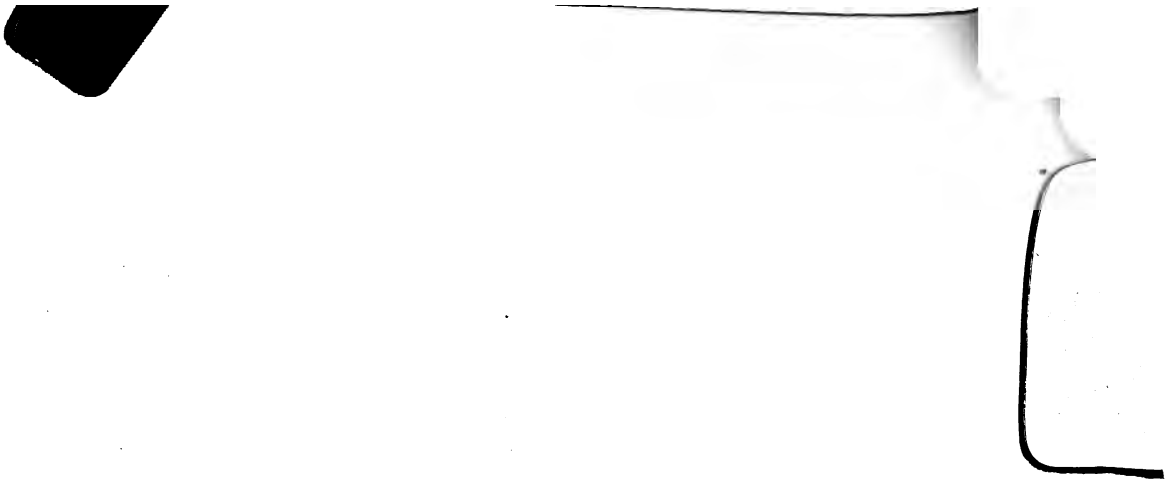
N. B. This is intended to form a Part of a new and uniform Edition of all the Publications of the late Rev. Richard Graves.